

From The Saturday Review.

BRAZILIAN POETRY.*

THERE are some nations too small to possess anything independent, except a name. Perhaps at one time they may have had a history, but they have not grown with the world about them, and must now accept from others the laws which they once assisted to give. The splendid two centuries of Sweden, from the first Vasa down to Charles XII., are like the scutcheon of a noble house—a graceful ornament, but without a meaning. Bernadotte was nothing to modern Europe but a captain of *condottieri*, and Tegner's poems are only read in translations. The men have not degenerated, but greater and stronger powers thrust out the weak. Portugal has shared the common fate in an even greater degree than the Northern nations. It was one of the first pioneers of India and the New World, its possessions in the Southern Seas are now merely nominal. It fought bravely in the struggle against Napoleon, and the freedom it had learned to prize was frittered away under the misrule of a foolish woman and a petty German Prince. We in England think kindly of our old ally, and welcome the little promise of reform that has broken out from time to time with Saldanha's Ministry, or with the accession of a young, and it is said, a liberal King. But we never connect the ideas of progress or of literature with the land which once produced Vasco de Gama and Camoens.

Simply, therefore, as a matter of curiosity, the appearance of a volume of Portuguese poetry, which has reached a second edition, deserves our notice. But the poems of Senhor Diaz have other titles to attention. He is a Brazilian by birth, and fills the chair of Brazilian History at Rio de Janeiro. He has drawn on the annals of his native country for materials, and a part of his poems are distinctly American. They come, too, before the European public with the recommendation of a highly flattering notice from Herculano, the most distinguished Portuguese author of the day. Some of his criticism is

* *Cantos*. Collecção de Poézias de A. Gonçalves Dias. London: Trübner and Co.

so curious, and so lights up the relations of the two countries, that, if only for that reason, it deserves to be quoted. "In Portugal, the spirits whom the old poet spoke of as 'happily born,' those who yet try to take refuge in the sanctuary of science or poetry from the sea of acrid corruption that encircles us, through their generous efforts succeed in deceiving Europe with these aspirations after the future, which, even in them, are nothing but an illusion. Their attempts almost make it be believed that there still remains for this dying people a hope of regeneration—that we have yet a destiny to accomplish, before we shroud ourselves in the banner of Don John I., or the pennant of Vasco de Gama, and lay ourselves down at last to rest in the sepulchre of history. But the disenchantment comes quickly. What remains now of that impetuous company, ambitious of a pure glory, which began to practise itself in the lists of thought? Of all this, of all that brilliant and hopeful youth, what remains? Some solitary believer who deplores in silence and remains out of so many archangels. The other priests, apostatizing from the religion of letters, have hurried to the arena of factions, and are stained with the venom of civil hatred.—Brazil is the modern Sparta, to which Portugal is the modern Helos. In that country of hopes, full of vigor and of life, there is an echo of earnest work which falls in sadness on us in this land where all is ending. The periodical publications—the first expression of a literature which is disentangling itself—begin to take rank with compositions of more substance—with books. Add to this another fact, that Brazil is the principal market for the little that is printed among ourselves, and it will be easy to conjecture that our emancipated colonies are rapidly surpassing us in the domain of letters, as well as in importance and prosperity."

Senhor Herculano proceeds to notice with high praise the American Poems, which were the first published, and which form part of the present volume. "Imperfections of language, metre, and style," which the critic good-naturedly imputes to want of experi-

ence in a young man, will hardly weigh with a foreign public against the praise of "noble inspirations," if the epithet be deserved. We prefer to follow in the track of the reviewer, and transcribe a portion of the poem, "Her Eyes," which Senhor Herculano speaks of as "one of the most delicious lyrical compositions which I have read in my life." This praise, however, will scarcely be justified by any English imitation, for no translation can give an idea of the easy grace of the original in which thoughts sparkle out through the words, like jewels under lace:

- "Her eyes, so lovely, so pure, so bright,
They are never the same,
Now shining clear with a quiet light,
Now volcanoes of flame.
- "At times so gentle their scattered beams,
So soft and deep,
I seem to gaze through a blinding haze,
And those sad eyes, where the tear half gleams,
Draw me, too, to weep.
- "As a little child, that was sleeping securely,
Starts up with a cry;
Then questioning, musing, but mutely, demurely,
Is puzzled it knows not why.
- "To the innocent sense of the infant, the maid,
Come sounds on the gale
From a harp above; the breathings of love;
And the soul, shrinking back in virginal dread,
Puts on tears as a veil,
- "Are they signs of greeting or wishes that rise
To the home of light;
I love those causeless teardrops in eyes
That weep, and are bright."

This is pretty poetry, though it does not affect to be of the highest order. The extracts which Senhor Herculano gives from what are called the American poems are rather curious than interesting. The war-song of an Indian chief can only express exultation and self-reliance in their most vulgar forms; for the great ideas which animate a modern war, and the various and intense feeling which it calls up—generosity, pity, and domestic love—are the products of civilization. A few verses therefore about squaws and braves, and scalps and tomahawks, studded with a few picturesque or euphonious names, such as "The Howling Wind" or "Tupinambá," are as much as common taste can endure to read; and latterly a sort of pre-Homeric school in poetry has rather overdone us with sprawling epics

and disjointed odes, which the Red Men could never have written, and could not now understand. The best praise we can give to productions of this sort in the pages before us is, that a questionable success in the affectation of Indian characteristics is redeemed by very genuine beauties of modern thought. Revivals of another kind are a series of small poems in the style of the old metrical chronicles or ballads. These are often pleasant reading, especially when they contain the kernel of a legend; but they are told too diffusely to be quoted or reproduced at length. We pass on, therefore, to the later poems, and take an "Epitaph on an Infant":—

- "Here lies the garment which a spirit put off.
A soul of heaven that grew 'mid bitternesses,
Like a flower among thorns. O passer-by,
Inquire not who I was—a painted cloud,
Which in a moment melted in life's sea;
A burst of dawn whose sun hath never set;
A real life above—on earth a dream—
A fresh rose on the waters of existence,
Borne to the shores that stretch eternally,
To the great ruler God a gift of love.
Inquire not who I was—weep not—pass on."

There is a profusion of imagery and ornament about the poems in this little volume, which is partly attributable to the author's youth (for Senhor Diaz began to publish at twenty-three), but is even more, we think, characteristic of Peninsular poetry in general. The fervid temperament and luxuriant fancy of the South have been intensified by long intercourse with the East—Asiatic blood still flows in the veins of the men who expelled the Moors. Fortunately, the decorations, although profuse, have always a meaning, and a connexion with the text—they are something more than a mere string of spangles. Indeed, "the spasmodic school," which one or two second-rate journals have puffed into notice among ourselves, does not appear to have influenced Senhor Diaz—whatever is morbid in his writings is distinctly Byronic.

Thus, for instance, we regret to learn that not unfrequently—

- "A bitter smile,
Funereal and sad, sits on the lips"

of one who in general writes so pleasantly; though the end of the poem relieves us with the announcement that, as the poet's "heart is embalmed by the perfume of an angelic soul," he is now able "to support life and the weight of an useless existence." Surely Senhor Diaz ought to perceive that such confes-

sions, if true, ought only to be made to a friend who is a second self, and if false, are worse than contemptible. Personal weaknesses, like crimes, do not admit of being idealized, and are no worthy subjects of art. But passages of this kind are happily few in number. The religious poems strike us generally as weak—they are meditations in verse, but little more. The nearest parallel we know to them is in some of Victor Hugo's feeble efforts. But as a "Hymn to my Tomb" appears to be a favorite with the author, an extract from it will probably give a good idea of his success in this line:—

"How gloriously does life unfold itself
To him who knocks at the eternal gates,
Where slant the shadows of eternity;
Whose last long gaze looks out upon the world.
The sear and yellow leaf, the crumbling stone,
The field flower, the music of the fount,
And songsters of the sky, the joyous birds
Of varied plumage, and the winds that sigh
When night begins, and those that waft in
dawn,
The stars, the sun, the sea, the heaven, the
earth,
All hath its sympathy with me; yea, all
In multitudinous unison distinct
Thrills back the answer to our secret thoughts,
And tells the dying man life's mystery.

"HIS HORN SHALL BE EXALTED."—Continuing our ride to Baniyas, we toiled up steep rocky paths, where we found trees and shrubs very abundant, particularly on grassy table-land. We met people travelling—women on horseback wearing the curious horn, which is fixed on the front of the head, and fastened behind. This *tantur* or horn is made of tin, silver, or gold, according to the rank or wealth of the wearer. Some are a yard long, shaped like a speaking-trumpet. It rises from the forehead, and is fastened at the back of the head by a band. A large veil is thrown over it, and falls down the sides of the head and shoulders. It is usually worn only by married women; but I believe unmarried women also occasionally wear it. There are many references to this horn in the Old Testament. It was sometimes worn by men. Job says: "I have sewed sackcloth upon my skin, and defiled my horn in the dust," Job xvi. 15; and David, alluding to the righteous, says, in Psalm cxii. 9: "His horn shall be exalted with honor."—*Lady Falkland's Chow-Chow.*

"THE GREAT CORRECTOR," &c.—From whence is the following quotation taken, referring to war:

* * * * *

"What matters it, if not a single crown,
A single leaf of laurel bloom for me
To tell my name, and draw the curious gaze
Of ages and dominions yet unborn.
I am a bird of passage, one that skims
The surface of a lake, and vainly stamps
A fleeting shadow on the crystal wave.
I do not care though laurels bloom not for
me,
Yet I confess I wish some tears should fall
Upon my lowly sepulchre, that so
My dry bones, thrilling at the grateful touch,
May glow with fresh sensation."

The best pieces in this volume are the little poems of love and sentiment, which scarcely bear to be translated. The lighter the grace of the original the more important do the differences of the words become. It is the play of pretty features, and the expression of rapid glances, that a copyist always despairs of fixing or imitating. Altogether, Senhor Diaz's volume is highly creditable to the author. It is not, perhaps, too great a compliment, to say that in all essential respects it is superior to most of Longfellow and all of Redwitz. The literature of the new Transatlantic empire has opened with happy auspices.

"The great Corrector of Enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, that heals with
blood
The Earth, when it is sick."
—*Notes and Queries.*

NATURE'S MOULD.—Add, Earl of Surrey's
Poems: *A Praise of his Love*, vv. 3, 4:

"I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to whom she could not paint:
With wringing hands; how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

"I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss, by law of kind,
That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain,
'She could not make the like again.'"

IBID. *Of the Death of Sir Tho. Wyatt*
(No. 2.), v. 8:

"A valiant corpse, where force and beauty met.
Happy, alas! too happy, but for foes;
Lived, and ran the race that Nature set;
Of manhood's shape, where she the mould
did lose."

—*Notes and Queries.*

From The Athenæum.

Louis David, his School and his Time: Recollections by M. E. J. Delecluze—[Louis David, son Ecole, &c.] (Paris, Didier.)

DAVID may be considered as the reconstructor of the whole fabric of French Art. If the French school of the seventeenth century had not the grandeur of that of the *cinquecentisti*, considerable vigor of invention and distinction of style cannot be denied to the artists of that period, above all to Poussin, who was worthy to be the contemporary of Richelieu and of Corneille and to have adorned the beginning of the age of Louis the Fourteenth. A century later we find other and less reputable Louis' and Richelieus; while in a corresponding manner Art, in the hands of a Boucher, had become merely subsidiary to the decoration of the abodes of the voluptuary. The works of this and similar artists have been so hardly dealt with by Diderot, that little more remains to be said of a school now historically interesting, as reflecting the costume and manners of a remarkable age of intellectual acumen and moral degradation. The works of Boucher and Vanloo will never create the smallest emotion in the human heart. They were in their place as decorations of the *boudoir* of the *danseuse* and the cabinet of the financier. But they are full of technical prettinesses, and, although for half-a-century under the ban of *déconsidération*, they are once more in full fashion, with the porcelain of Dresden, Sèvres, and Capo di Monte.

David, who headed the classical revolt against these men (in *genre*, the innovator was Greuze), was in every respect a revolutionary painter. In politics, he was Jacobin to the core; and in his severe and conscientious anatomical studies, his admirable drawing, and his systematic rejection of the sensual, even to the repudiation of brilliant color—the legitimate partner of form—we see the Puritan of art, as contrasted with his pretty sensuous predecessors of the eighteenth century. Nor was David's sphere of power confined to politics and art. It included society and manners. He brought into the fullest vogue the externals of antiquity, from the *coiffure* of a De Staël and a Recamier to that meagre fashion of chairs and tables now called "style de l'Empire." The second Classicism of France (unlike that of the seventeenth century, which seized the spirit of an-

tiquity) was more outward than inward, and, as M. Granier de Cassagnac observes, lay in mere paraphernalia. People studied the material facts of Plutarch and Winckelmann; they did not live in daily communion with the poets as the men of the seventeenth century had done. It was a fashion for the eyes, not a religion for the intellect.

This second Classicism had scarcely attained its climax when it was undermined by the schools of actual life and of so-called Romanticism, that followed in the wake of Châteaubriand, the Schlegels, Scott, and a host of poets of the last half-century, and the representatives of which were David's own pupils, beginning with Gros—the painter of the immortal combats of the period—and Gerard, whose picture of the entrance of Henri Quatre into Paris was, properly speaking, the beginning of the Romantic school in French painting, or, as we should call it, the preference of modern history and actual life to ancient. In spite of this revolution of taste, and in spite of the histrionic caricature of Guérin, which (notwithstanding their vast erudition) threw discredit on the republican and imperial school of Classicism, and in spite of David's own acknowledged defects in color, in ingenuousness, and in rendering the electricity of vitality, this painter still occupies one of the first niches in the Pantheon of Gallican Art; and therefore his biography was, with all respect for several previous attempts, a vacuum still to be filled up.

The first requisite of a biography is, that, independently of execution, the raw material of adventure be good. In this case the stuff is excellent; for, if David stamped his age with some of its peculiarities, his own destiny bears the ineffaceable impress of the events of his period. He was not like a Goethe, a spectator from an Olympic elevation of the combats and combatants below. David was in them and among them. The man we have described—who, from being a pupil of Pompeo Battoni, headed the classical revolt—was also the firm friend and admirer of Robespierre,—then the salaried illustrator of the pomps of the first Napoleon, the master, teacher, and friend of such pupils as Granet, Gros, Girodet, Gerard, Isabey senior, Leopold Robert, and Ingres,—and, lastly, the *ci-devant* conventional regicide in exile, which was the more acutely felt as falling on David at a period of life too advanced to permit of

new plans, new social relations, and new studies, after a severance from those of the previous quarter of a century, brought about by one of the most extraordinary political restorations that history records.

"Louis David, son Ecole et son Temps," is an agreeable and intelligently written work, by a man who has not only a sound practical and critical knowledge of French Art, but who, without being a brilliant writer, has the pleasant literary forms of an "habitué de bureaux d'esprit." But why has he given us so dull and uninteresting an Introduction? Why have we for a frontispiece that opaque sketch of David's pupil Etienne? Four long chapters *à propos* of we cannot tell what, except that we have a vague notion that the quintessence of this introductory matter ought to have found its own place in the biography proper of David himself. Once clear of these icebergs, the navigation is pleasant enough.

David was the son of an ironmonger, and first saw the light, at Paris in 1748. His father having been killed in a duel when the son was ten years of age, the youth was early taught the golden lesson of self-reliance. During his education at the Collège des Quatre Nations, he covered his class-book with drawings and gave other unmistakable signs of a calling for Art. Application was, therefore, made to Boucher for a place of pupil in his studio; but age induced the artist to decline the teaching of the youth who was destined to dethrone his system and ideas. David, therefore, became a pupil of Vien, who still occupies a respectable, although not a high, place in the hemicycle of French Art. The progress of David was rapid; and, at the fifth contest, he carried off the so-called prize of Rome, a sort of travelling fellow-ship of Gallican Art, which secures a residence of some years in Italy at the State expense, and which provides for youthful capacity that frame-work of artificial culture which the artist can subsequently fill up according to individual bent. The result has shown the excellence of the system. None go abroad who have not shown indisputable proofs of capacity, and all those weary barriers that poverty interposes between an artist and his satisfactory self-formation are cleared at a single leap.

The native school of Italy had died a natural death in the seventeenth century. Some few great works of Raphael Mengs (still ad-

mired at Madrid) were those of a German artist, for the Spanish market. In the productions of Pompeo Battoni we see manufacture on existing models and patterns, but not a ray of the genius of invention. But David made good use of his time in learning more perfectly some of the mechanical parts of his profession. His drawing was so good that old Pompeo Battoni bequeathed him his palette. David saw at once the great influence that the exhumation of the antique statuary had had upon the *cinquecentisti*, and rushed with ardor into that cold conventional antique, which he rarely afterwards shook off.

On David's return to Paris in 1780 every thing conspired to make him a classical painter, and avert him from the mirroring of actual life; the school of which was then represented by Greuze, to whom Diderot had rendered such justice, but with moderate effect on the public mind. La Harpe trumpeted the poets of Greece and Rome, Madame Roland devoured Plutarch, and David, who had pored over Winckelmann, executed in succession those works which make him the regenerator and reconstructor of modern French art by conscientious severity and correctness of drawing. But his sobriety was excessive. All brilliancy, from the stately splendor of Paul Veronese to the rainbow *courtisannerie* of Vanloo, was forbidden with puritanical rigor, and however much one may respect his antipathy for the exaggerations of Michael Angelo and Rubens, one would certainly be content to see a little more of their reality, movement, and animation in his works.

It is not necessary to describe in detail the pictures executed by David, with which many of our readers are familiar; we may only indicate some of the most celebrated. The first that made a sensation was "Les Horaces," ordered by M. de Marigny under Louis Quinze, executed at Rome, and exhibited at Paris in 1785. Then the "Death of Socrates." The philosopher, surrounded by his disciples, is about to receive the fatal cup of hemlock from the executioner. In this great composition David comes up to the pathos and dramatic power of the simple but thrilling narrative by Xenophon. The first idea of David had been to paint Socrates holding the cup which the executioner had presented to him, but André Chenier said

"No, no; Socrates, entirely absorbed by the great thoughts which he is expressing, ought to stretch out his hand for the cup, but not receive it until he has finished speaking."

In 1789, the year of the Assembly of the States-General, David produced his "Brutus returning to his home after the Condemnation of his Son,"—a picture ordered for the king, who was so soon to be judged by David himself. All these pictures were executed with great accuracy of costume and still life. They influenced the manners of the period. Hair powder was thrown aside. In furniture, the undulating contours of the style of Louis Quinze, which is according to what has been called the line of beauty (as if beauty did not admit of a straight line or a rectangle), were set aside for the severe simplicity of the antique. In female costume the short waists and robes of Roman matrons, as seen in the portraits of Mesdames Tallien and Recamier, followed on the dismissal of laced corsets, high heels, and tucked petticoats.

David assisted his friend Robespierre in preparing the public spectacles of the Revolution. In the widest sense he made himself the artist of the Revolution,—and gave posterity the precious historical information conveyed in such productions as the "Serment du Jeu de Paume," with the portraits of Bailly, Mirabeau, &c. He painted the death of Marat by Charlotte Corday as the martyrdom of a saint, and proposed in the Convention that the assassinated democrat should have the honors of the Pantheon. A few days before the fall of Robespierre David denounced the crimes of the agents of despotism. When Robespierre descended from the tribune after making the speech that drew down his condemnation, David said, "If you drink the hemlock, I will drink it with you." When the hero of the Revolution fell David was thrown into prison, and but for Degrè and Thibeaudeau would have been guillotined.

David was liberated and restored to his studies under the Directory, and during their period of power produced several of his most remarkable works, among which we may mention the picture of "The Sabine Mothers," with their children intervening between the Romans and their brothers,—a subject treated with great dramatic power. This was one of his most successful efforts, and

carried his reputation to its zenith. All the eminent men remaining in France, even those who abhorred the regicide, admired the artist. General Bonaparte, then living in the Rue Chantereine, and who after his Italian campaigns had become the first personage in the society of Paris, was frequently to be seen in his studio conversing on the genius of the ancients and the moderns, the Italians and the French, in imitative Art. The fruit of this intercourse was the celebrated picture of the young General passing the Alps. The idea of Bonaparte calmly sitting on a fiery horse traversing the Alpine summits was the warrior's own. The more recent picture of Paul Delaroche inevitably invites comparison, and it must be admitted that as regards the head the later artist has the advantage. In manly intellectual beauty, in tranquillity of effect, and in the expression of the capacity that precedes action, it would be difficult to name a more striking modern picture than that of Paul Delaroche. But the general composition of David is a more felicitous expression of the tempestuous epoch and of its man of action in the cool consciousness of power.

When the Empire was proclaimed David was made first Imperial painter. But in the large pictures done to order, and in embodying mere pageant in which the human interest is null, David showed a mechanical heaviness, falling into the mere chronicle of faces and costume. The courtier groaned under onerous and lucrative Imperial commissions, but the genius ceased to soar. That some of these pictures have great merit is incontestible. That of the "Coronation of the Emperor" was several years in execution, and when it was at length finished Napoleon went with all his suite to see it. It had been much criticized by the courtiers in consequence of David having made it rather the coronation of the Empress Josephine by her husband. The Emperor walked for some time up and down before it, and at length complimented the artist on having guessed his idea. "You have made me a French chevalier," said Napoleon, "and I thank you for the commemoration of my affection. *David, je vous salue;*" and with an inclination of the head went away, leaving the artist delighted and receiving the congratulations of the courtier-critics.

At this point it may not be out of place to

give some account of the domestic habits of David, who had arrived at the maturity of his talent. He was early afoot, and neatly but plainly dressed for the day; and at the breakfast table, between nine and ten, his pupils usually waited on him in order to receive his directions for the day. Sometimes he showed them the picture of a great master, the excellencies and defects of which he would point out with much discrimination, and, with rare modesty, was always ready to hear the opinion of the younger artists, and to take advantage of them. He went little into society, and the tranquillity of his domestic establishment was seldom enlivened, except by the *fêtes* which he gave at the marriage of his daughters. He was an assiduous frequenter of the Italian Opera, which was a relic of his Italian tastes. In summer he used to take long walks all over Paris.

In one of these long promenades in company with Etienne, they happened one day, on their return from the Jardin des Plantes, to follow the Boulevard du Temple as far as the booths then erected there, the showmen of which were vociferous in their invitations to the passengers to enter and see representations in wax of Judith and Holophernes, the Coronation of Napoleon, &c. "Let us go in," said David. "*Etienne, je vous régale,*" added he, and while the explanation was proceeding inside, David made some general observations to Etienne on the imperfection of all imitation, and was proceeding to illustrate his position by reference to higher art than that of the Boulevard du Temple. One of the attendant showmen overhearing this discourse, offered to show them something curious, not usually exposed to the ordinary run of visitors. David, thinking it was some licentious exhibition, declined; but, being assured by the showman that the establishment was of irreproachable respectability, he consented, and a chest was opened showing the heads of Hebert and Robespierre. The latter, with his fractured jaw, modelled after death in wax hanging from a triangle. The showman was going on with his usual story, "Gentlemen, here you see the head of Hebert, commonly called Père Duchesne, whose crimes conducted him to the scaffold. The other is Robespierre, you see," &c. David gently stopped him with a sign of the hand, which indicated that further historical and political information was, in his case un-

necessary. But he examined the heads with the greater attention for some time, and then added, "It is well imitated, it is very well done." Afterwards, in exile in Brussels, he happened to sit next a stranger at the Theatre who, with warmth, asked permission to grasp his hand. "You are, no doubt, an enthusiastic admirer of the arts?" said David.—"Not a bit," answered the stranger, "I wish to shake hands with the friend of Robespierre!"

One day the Emperor said to David that he had formed the project of uniting all his pictures in the Imperial Museum. David answered that it would be difficult, as his pictures were so dispersed, and, moreover, in the hands of amateurs who were too rich to part with them. "For instance," said David, "M. Trudaine sets a great value upon 'The Death of Socrates.'"—"Offer him forty thousand francs, even sixty thousand," said the Emperor, but although the picture originally contracted for at six thousand francs had been paid for by ten thousand, the owner refused to part with it. "I must respect property," said the Emperor, with some dissatisfaction, "I cannot compel this lover to give up his mistress." But evil days were at hand for both Emperor and artist, and on the approach of the Allied armies to Paris, David suddenly transported several of his pictures to the west coast. The first Restoration passed over him without a shock, but having, during the hundred days, signed the additional articles which excluded the Bourbons, he was on their return, condemned to exile. It required all the courage of a man verging on seventy to quit his country and fireside and to begin, as it were, a new existence; his austere stoical dignity of character prevented him from complaining, but he felt the change acutely.

Brussels was the place which David chose for his exile on various grounds. It had formed a part of the French Empire, and the upper part of society was French in language and manners. The king of Prussia made him handsome offers through Prince Hatzfeld, then Prussian Ambassador at the Court of the Netherlands. "What was your salary as first painter to Napoleon?" said the Prince to David.—"Twelve thousand francs," answered the painter.—"O!" said the Prince Hatzfeld, "our King will do better than that. The intention of the King is, to have you as

a Minister of the Arts. You will enjoy all the advantages and honors due to you, go to Berlin, and create a school of painting."—"Ah!" said David, "my great age, my wife's feeble health, my love of independence, the kindness the King of the Netherlands shows me, and the desire to accept such flattering invitations, perplex me." He consulted his companions in exile, Sièyes and Cambacérès. The ex-chancellor, a man of the world, advised him to accept. The former, a philosopher of the eighteenth century, said, "You are free, independent, honored, and at ease in your circumstances; why should you give up these advantages?" This decided David, and he remained at Brussels.

Here he spent nine years in exile, from 1816 to 1825, the year of his decease, and executed some works and several portraits. His mornings were passed in his studio, his evenings at the theatre. In 1823 a medal was struck in his honor in Paris; and Gros, on the part of his pupils and the artists of Paris, took it to Brussels,—a circumstance doubly gratifying to David, for Gros, regardless of opinion in high places, and remembering only the exile of his master, gave him the most affectionate proofs of his attachment. In 1825 David's hand refused to obey his will, but even on his deathbed he corrected a proof of his picture of "Leonidas at Thermopylæ." On the morning of the 29th of December he asked for his cane, and pointed out one part as too light, another as too dark, and a third as too spotty. It was the last glimmer of the expiring lamp. Soon his voice failed, the cane dropped from his hands, and at ten o'clock he expired.

The pictures of David, as described in the preceding notice, were sometimes harsh in color, sometimes histrionic rather than dramatic in composition, and generally tinged

with the antique mannerism of the Revolution. But they have, nevertheless, taken a permanent place in French art from their masterly seizure of the most expressive and quintessent portion of the historical transaction selected for the subject of his pencil, as well as from their poetical treatment of details, their indisputable erudition, and equally indisputable drawing of the human frame. But, in the electric glow of life, thought, and action, he was deficient. Still he was a genuine artist, without the slightest charlatanism, despising all ingenious expedients to get over the difficulties of the nude by drapery, and resolutely attacking the mechanical strongholds of his art. If he had not the sacred fire of many of the great men of Italy, he more than any other teacher of art in France had the power of transmitting to his pupils that which could be taught by intelligent oral exposition and dextrous drawing. That which he did not possess is that which cannot be taught by any rules of any master. In his own works he indicated rather than reached the goal of high art by the elegant severity with which he overthrew his predecessors of the eighteenth century. The fruit of his studies is to be found in the works of his pupils, of whom we have already given a nominal list; while, at the head of his imitators, although not his pupil, may be mentioned Guérin, the master of Géricault, of Paul Delaroche, of Eugène Delacroix, and of Ary Scheffer. Thus even the Romantic school, which for a considerable period threw the Classic into disrepute, was largely indebted to it for many of its most valuable elementary qualities; and in these curious revolutions the part of David, if not the most recent and consummate, appears to us, on the whole, to be the most conspicuous and the most considerable.

"OH GREAT CORRECTOR," &c.—The quotation wanted by F. M. H. will be found in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Act V. Sc. 1., at the close.

"O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that healst with blood

The earth when it is sick, and curs't the world
O' the pleurisy of people," &c.

Mr. Darley points to this passage, and some others in the first three scenes of the fifth act, as favorable to the supposition that Shakspeare may have contributed to this play; so much more do they resemble Shakspeare's "large manner," both in thought and versification, than the style of Fletcher.—*Notes and Queries*.

From Mr. Dickens' "Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices."

RETRIBUTION.

When Mr. Goodchild and Mr. Idle had first alighted at the door, and stepped into the sombre handsome old hall, they had been received by half-a-dozen noiseless old men in black, all dressed exactly alike, who glided up the stairs with the obliging landlord and waiter—but without appearing to get into their way, or to mind whether they did or no—and who had filed off to the right and left on the old staircase, as the guests entered their sitting-room. It was then broad, bright day. But Mr. Goodchild had said, when their door was shut, "Who on earth are those old men!" And afterwards, both on going out and coming in, he had noticed that there were no old men to be seen.

Neither, had the old men, or any one of the old men, re-appeared since. The two friends had passed a night in the house, but had seen nothing more of the old men. Mr. Goodchild, in rambling about it, had looked along passages, and glanced in at doorways, but had encountered no old men; neither did it appear that any old men were, by any member of the establishment, missed or expected.

Another odd circumstance impressed itself on their attention. It was, that the door of their sitting-room was never left untouched for a quarter of an hour. It was opened with hesitation, opened with confidence, opened a little way, opened a good way,—always clapped-to again without a word of explanation. They were reading, they were writing, they were eating, they were drinking, they were talking, they were dozing; the door was always opened at an unexpected moment, and they looked towards it, and it was clapped-to again, and nobody was to be seen. When this had happened fifty times or so, Mr. Goodchild had said to his companion, jestingly: "I begin to think, Tom, there was something wrong about those six old men."

Night had come again, and they had been writing for two or three hours: writing, in short, a portion of the lazy notes from which these lazy sheets are taken. They had left off writing, and glasses were on the table between them. The house was closed and quiet, and the town was quiet. Around the head of Thomas Idle, as he lay upon his sofa, hovered light wreaths of fragrant smoke.

The temples of Francis Goodchild, as he leaned back in his chair, with his two hands clasped behind his head, and his legs crossed, were similarly decorated.

They had been discussing several idle subjects of speculation, not omitting the strange old men, and were still so occupied, when Mr. Goodchild abruptly changed his attitude to wind up his watch. They were just becoming drowsy enough to be stopped in their talk by any such slight check. Thomas Idle, who was speaking at the moment, paused and said, "How goes it?"

"One," said Goodchild.

As if he had ordered One old man, and the order were promptly executed (truly, all orders were so, in that excellent hotel), the door opened, and One old man stood there.

He did not come in, but stood with the door in his hand.

"One of the six, Tom, at last!" said Mr. Goodchild, in a surprised whisper.—"Sir, your pleasure?"

"Sir, *your* pleasure?" said the One old man.

"I didn't ring."

"The bell did," said the One old man.

He said BELL, in a deep strong way, that would have expressed the church Bell.

"I had the pleasure, I believe, of seeing you, yesterday?" said Goodchild.

"I cannot undertake to say for certain," was the grim reply of the One old man.

"I think you saw me? Did you not?"

"Saw *you*?" said the old man. "O yes, I saw *you*. But, I see many who never see me."

A chilled, slow, earthy, fixed old man. A cadaverous old man of measured speech. An old man who seemed as unable to wink, as if his eyelids had been nailed to his forehead. An old man whose eyes—two spots of fire—had no more motion than if they had been connected with the back of his skull by screws driven through it, and rivetted and bolted outside, among his grey hair.

The night had turned so cold, to Mr. Goodchild's sensations, that he shivered. He remarked lightly, and half apologetically, "I think somebody is walking over my grave."

"No," said the weird old man, "there is no one there."

Mr. Goodchild looked at Idle, but Idle lay with his head enwreathed in smoke.

"No one there?" said Goodchild.

"There is no one at your grave, I assure you," said the old man.

He had come in and shut the door, and he now sat down. He did not bend himself to sit, as other people do, but seemed to sink bolt upright, as if in water, until the chair stopped him.

"My friend, Mr. Idle," said Goodchild, extremely anxious to introduce a third person into the conversation.

"I am," said the old man, without looking at him, "at Mr. Idle's service."

"If you are an old inhabitant of this place," Francis Goodchild resumed:

"Yes."

"Perhaps you can decide a point my friend and I were in doubt upon, this morning. They hang condemned criminals at the Castle, I believe?"

"I believe so," said the old man.

"Are their faces turned towards that noble prospect?"

"Your face is turned," replied the old man, "to the Castle wall. When you are tied up, you see its stones expanding and contracting violently, and a similar expansion and contraction seem to take place in your own head and breast. Then, there is a rush of fire and an earthquake, and the Castle springs into the air, and you tumble down a precipice."

His cravat appeared to trouble him. He put his hand to his throat, and moved his neck from side to side. He was an old man of a swollen character of face, and his nose was immoveably hitched up on one side, as if by a little hook inserted in that nostril. Mr. Goodchild felt exceedingly uncomfortable, and began to think the night was hot, and not cold.

"A strong description, sir," he observed.

"A strong sensation," the old man rejoined.

Again, Mr. Goodchild looked to Mr. Thomas Idle; but Thomas lay on his back with his face attentively turned towards the One old man, and made no sign. At this time Mr. Goodchild believed that he saw two threads of fire stretch from the old man's eyes to his own, and there attach themselves. (Mr. Goodchild writes the present account of his experience, and, with the utmost solemnity, protests that he had the strongest sensation upon him of being forced to look at the old man along those two fiery films, from that moment).

"I must tell it to you," said the old man, with a ghastly and a stony stare.

"What?" asked Francis Goodchild.

"You know where it took place. Yonder!"

Whether he pointed to the room above, or to the room below, or to any room in that old house, or to a room in some other old house in that old town, Mr. Goodchild was not, nor is, nor even can be, sure. He was confused by the circumstance that the right fore-finger of the One old man seemed to dip itself in one of the threads of fire, light itself, and make a fiery start in the air, as it pointed somewhere. Having pointed somewhere, it went out.

"You know she was a Bride," said the old man.

"I know they still send up Bride-cake," Mr. Goodchild faltered. "This is a very oppressive air."

"She was a Bride," said the old man. "She was a fair, flaxen-haired, large-eyed girl, who had no character, no purpose. A weak, credulous, incapable, helpless nothing. Not like her mother. No, no. It was her father whose character she reflected."

"Her mother had taken care to secure everything to herself, for her own life, when the father of this girl (a child at that time) died—of sheer helplessness; no other disorder—and then He renewed the acquaintance that had once subsisted between the mother and Him. He had been put aside for the flaxen-haired, large-eyed man (or nonentity) with Money. He could overlook that for Money. He wanted compensation in Money."

"So he returned to the side of that woman the mother, made love to her again, danced attendance on her, and submitted himself to her whims. She wreaked upon him every whim she had, or could invent. He bore it. And the more he bore, the more he wanted compensation in money, and the more he was resolved to have it."

"But, lo! Before he got it, she cheated him. In one of her imperious states, she froze, and never thawed again. She put her hands to her head one night, uttered a cry, stiffened, lay in that attitude certain hours, and died. And he had got no compensation from her in Money, yet. Blight and Murrain on her! Not a penny."

"He had hated her throughout that second

pursuit, and had longed for retaliation on her. He now counterfeited her signature to an instrument, leaving all she had to leave, to her daughter—ten years old then—to whom the property passed absolutely, and appointing himself the daughter's Guardian. When He slid it under the pillow of the bed on which she lay, He bent down in the deaf ear of Death, and whispered: 'Mistress Pride, I have determined a long time that, dead or alive, you must make me compensation in Money.'

"So, now there were only two left. Which two were, He, and the fair, flaxen-haired, large-eyed, foolish daughter, who afterwards became the Bride.

"He put her to school. In a secret, dark, oppressive, ancient house, he put her to school with a watchful and unscrupulous woman. 'My worthy lady,' he said, 'here is a mind to be formed; will you help me to form it?' She accepted the trust. For which she, too, wanted compensation in Money, and had it.

"The girl was formed in the fear of him, and in the conviction, that there was no escape from him. She was taught, from the first to regard him as her future husband—the man who must marry her—the destiny that overshadowed her—the appointed certainty that could never be evaded. The poor fool was soft, white wax in their hands, and took the impression that they put upon her. It hardened with time. It became a part of herself. Inseparable from herself, and only to be torn away from her, by tearing life away from her.

"Eleven years she lived in the dark house and its gloomy garden. He was jealous of the very light and air getting to her and they kept her close. He stopped the wide chimneys, shaded the little windows, left the strong-stemmed ivy to wander where it would over the house-front, the moss to accumulate on the untrimmed fruit-trees in the red-walled garden, the weeds to over-run its green and yellow walks. He surrounded her with images of sorrow and desolation. He caused her to be filled with fears of the place and of the stories that were told of it, and then on pretext of correcting them, to be left in it in solitude, or made to shrink about it in the dark. When her mind was most depressed and fullest of terrors, then, he would come out of one of the hiding-

places from which he overlooked her, and present himself as her sole resource.

"Thus by being from her childhood the one embodiment her life presented to her of power to coerce and power to relieve, power to bind and power to loose, the ascendancy over her weakness was secured. She was twenty-one years and twenty-one days old, when he brought her home to the gloomy house, his half-witted, frightened, and submissive Bride of three weeks.

"He had dismissed the governess by that time—what he had left to do, he could best do alone—and they came back, upon a rainy night, to the scene of her long preparation. She turned to him upon the threshold, as the rain was dripping from the porch, and said:

"O sir, it is the Death-watch ticking for me!"

"Well!" he answered. "And if it were?"

"O sir!" she returned to him, "look kindly on me, and be merciful to me! I beg your pardon. I will do any thing you wish if you will only forgive me!"

"That had become the poor fool's constant song: 'I beg your pardon,' and 'Forgive me!'"

"She was not worth hating; he felt nothing but contempt for her. But, she had long been in the way, and he had long been weary, and the work was near its end, and had to be worked out.

"You fool," he said. "Go up the stairs!"

"She obeyed very quickly, murmuring, 'I will do any thing you wish!' When he came into the Bride's Chamber, having been a little retarded by the heavy fastenings of the great door (for they were alone in the house, and he had arranged that the people who attended on them should come and go in the day), he found her withdrawn to the furthest corner, and there standing pressed against the paneling as if she would have shrunk through it: her flaxen hair all wild about her face, and her large eyes staring at him in vague terror.

"What are you afraid of? Come and sit down by me."

"I will do any thing you wish. I beg your pardon, sir. Forgive me!" Her monotonous tune as usual.

"Ellen, here is a writing that you must write out to-morrow, in your own hand. You may as well be seen by others, busily en-

gaged upon it. When you have written it all fairly, and corrected all mistakes, call in any two people there may be about the house, and sign your name to it before them. Then, put it in your bosom to keep it safe, and when I sit here again to-morrow night, give it to me.'

"I will do it all, with the greatest care. I will do any thing you wish."

"Don't shake and tremble, then."

"I will try my utmost not to do it—if you will only forgive me!"

"Next day, she sat down at her desk, and did as she had been told. He often passed in and out of the room, to observe her, and always saw her slowly and laboriously writing: repeating to herself the words she copied, in appearance quite mechanically, and without caring or endeavoring to comprehend them, so that she did her task. He saw her follow the directions she had received, in all particulars; and at night, when they were alone again in the same Bride's Chamber, and he drew his chair to the hearth, she timidly approached him from her distant seat, took the paper from her bosom, and gave it into his hand.

"It secured all her possessions to him, in the event of her death. He put her before him, face to face, that he might look at her steadily; and he asked her, in so many plain words, neither fewer or more, did she know that?"

"There were spots of ink upon the bosom of her white dress, and they made her face look whiter and her eyes look larger as she nodded her head. There were spots of ink upon the hand with which she stood before him, nervously plaiting and folding her white skirts.

"He took her by the arm, and looked her yet more closely and steadily, in the face.

"Now, die! I have done with you.

"She shrunk, and uttered a low, suppressed cry.

"I am not going to kill you. I will not endanger my life for yours. Die!"

"He sat before her in the gloomy Bride's Chamber, day after day, night after night, looking the word at her when he did not utter it. As often as her large, unmeaning eyes were raised from the hands in which she rocked her head, to the stern figure, sitting with crossed arms and knitted forehead, in the chair, they read in it, 'Die!' When she

dropped asleep in exhaustion, she was called back to shuddering consciousness by the whisper, 'Die!' When she fell upon her old entreaty to be pardoned, she was answered 'Die!' When she had out-watched and out-suffered the long night, and the rising sun flamed into the sombre room, she heard it hailed with, 'Another day and not dead!—Die!'

"Shut up in the deserted mansion, aloof from all mankind, and engaged alone in such a struggle without any respite, it came to this—that either he must die, or she. He knew it very well, and concentrated his strength against her feebleness. Hours upon hours he held her by the arm when her arm was black where he held it, and bade her Die!"

"It was done, upon a windy morning before sunrise. He computed the time to be half-past four; but his forgotten watch had run down, and he could not be sure. She had broken away from him in the night, with loud and sudden cries—the first of that kind to which she had given vent—and he had had to put his hands over her mouth. Since then, she had been quiet in the corner of the paneling where she had sunk down; and he had left her, and had gone back with his folded arms and his knitted forehead to his chair.

"Paler in the pale light, more colorless than ever in the leaden dawn, he saw her coming, trailing herself along the floor towards him—a white wreck of hair, and dress, and wild eyes, pushing itself on by an irresolute and bending hand.

"O, forgive me! I will do any thing. O, sir, pray tell me I may live!"

"Die!"

"Are you so resolved? Is there no hope for me?"

"Die!"

"Her large eyes strained themselves with wonder and fear; wonder and fear changed to reproach; reproach to blank nothing. It was done. He was not at first so sure it was done, but that the morning sun was hanging jewels in her hair—he saw the diamond, emerald, and ruby, glittering among it in little points, as he stood looking down at her—when he lifted her and laid her on her bed.

"She was soon laid in the ground. And now they were all gone, and he had compensated himself well.

"He had a mind to travel. Not that he

meant to waste his Money, for he was a pinching man and liked his Money dearly (liked nothing else, indeed), but, that he had grown tired of the desolate house and wished to turn his back upon it and have done with it. But, the house was worth Money, and Money must not be thrown away. He determined to sell it before he went. That it might look the less wretched and bring a better price, he hired some laborers to work in the overgrown garden; to cut out the dead wood, trim the ivy that drooped in heavy masses over the windows and gables, and clear the walks in which the weeds were growing mid-leg high.

"He worked himself along with them. He worked later than they did, and, one evening at dusk, was left working alone, with his bill-hook in his hand. One autumn evening, when the Bride was five weeks dead.

"It grows too dark to work longer," he said to himself, "I must give over for the night."

"He detested the house and was loath to enter it. He looked at the dark porch waiting for him like a tomb, and felt that it was an accursed house. Near to the porch, and near to where he stood, was a tree whose branches waved before the old bay-window of the Bride's Chamber where it had been done. The tree swung suddenly, and made him start. It swung again, although the night was still. Looking up into it, he saw a figure among the branches.

"It was the figure of a young man. The face looked down, as his looked up; the branches cracked and swayed; the figure rapidly descended, and slid upon its feet before him. A slender youth of about her age, with long light brown hair.

"What thief are you?" he said, seizing the youth by the collar.

"The young man, in shaking himself free, swung him a blow with his arm across the face and throat. They closed, but the young man got from him and stepped back, crying, with great eagerness and horror, 'Don't touch me! I would as leave be touched by the Devil!'

"He stood still, with his bill-hook in his hand, looking at the young man. For, the young man's look was the counterpart of her last look, and he had not expected ever to see that again.

"I am no thief. Even if I were, I would

not have a coin of your wealth, if it would buy me the Indies. You murderer!"

"What!"

"I climbed it," said the young man, pointing up into the tree, 'for the first time, nigh four years ago. I climbed it, to look at her. I saw her. I spoke to her. I have climbed it, many a time, to watch and listen for her. I was a boy, hidden among its leaves, when from that bay-window she gave me this!'

"He showed a tress of flaxen hair, tied with a mourning ribbon.

"Her life," said the young man, 'was a life of mourning. She gave me this, as a token of it, and a sign that she was dead to every one but you. If I had been older, if I had seen her sooner, I might have saved her from you. But, she was fast in the web when I first climbed the tree, and what could I do then to break it!'

"In saying those words, he burst into a fit of sobbing and crying: weakly at first, then passionately.

"Murderer! I climbed the tree on the night when you brought her back. I heard her, from the tree, speak of the Death-watch at the door. I was three times in the tree while you were shut up with her, slowly killing her. I saw her, from the tree, lie dead upon her bed. I have watched you, from the tree, for proofs and traces of your guilt. The manner of it is a mystery to me yet, but I will pursue you until you have rendered up your life to the hangman. You shall never, until then, be rid of me. I loved her! I can know no relenting towards you. Murderer, I loved her!"

"The youth was bare-headed, his hat having fluttered away in his descent from the tree. He moved towards the gate. He had to pass—Him—to get to it. There was breadth for two old-fashioned carriages abreast; and the youth's abhorrence, openly expressed in every feature of his face and limb of his body, and very hard to bear, had verge enough to keep itself at a distance in. He (by which I mean the other) had not stirred hand or foot, since he had stood still to look at the boy. He faced round, now, to follow him with his eyes. As the back of the bare light-brown head was turned to him, he saw a red curve stretch from his hand to it. He knew, before he threw the bill-book where it had alighted—I say, had alighted and not, would alight; for, to his clear per

ception the thing was done before he did it. It cleft the head, and it remained there, and the boy lay on his face.

"He buried the body in the night, at the foot of the tree. As soon as it was light in the morning, he worked at turning up all the ground near the tree, and hacking and hewing at the neighboring bushes and undergrowth. When the laborers came, there was nothing suspicious, and nothing was suspected.

"But, he had, in a moment, defeated all his precautions, and destroyed the triumph of the scheme he had so long concerted, and so successfully worked out. He had got rid of the Bride, and had acquired her fortune without endangering his life; but now, for a death by which he had gained nothing, he had evermore to live with a rope around his neck.

"Beyond this, he was chained to the house of gloom and horror, which he could not endure. Being afraid to sell it or to quit it, lest discovery should be made, he was forced to live in it. He hired two old people, man and wife, for his servants; and dwelt in it, and dreaded it. His great difficulty, for a long time, was the garden. Whether he should keep it trim, whether he should suffer it to fall into its former state of neglect, what would be the least likely way of attracting attention to it?

"He took the middle course of gardening, himself, in his evening leisure, and of then calling the old serving-man to help him; but, of never letting him work there alone. And he made himself an arbor over against the tree, where he could sit and see that it was safe.

"As the seasons changed, and the tree changed, his mind perceived dangers that were always changing. In the leafy time, he perceived that the upper boughs were growing into the form of the young man—that they made the shape of him exactly, sitting in a forked branch swinging in the wind. In the time of the falling leaves, he perceived that they came down from the tree, forming tell-tale letters on the path, or that they had a tendency to heap themselves into a churchyard-mound above the grave. In the winter, when the tree was bare, he perceived that the boughs swung at him the ghost of the blow the young man had given, and that they threatened him openly. In the spring, when the sap was mounting in the trunk, he asked himself, were the dried-up particles of blood

mounting with it: to make out more obviously this year than last, the leaf-screened figure of the young man, swinging in the wind?

"However, he turned his Money over and over, and still over. He was in the dark trade, the gold-dust trade, and most secret trades that yielded great returns. In ten years, he had turned his Money over, so many times, that the traders and shippers who had dealings with him, absolutely did not lie—for once—when they declared that he had increased his fortune, Twelve Hundred Per Cent.

"He possessed his riches one hundred years ago, when people could be lost easily. He had heard who the youth was, from hearing of the search that was made after him; but, it died away, and the youth was forgotten.

"The annual round of changes in the tree had been repeated ten times since the night of the burial at its foot, when there was a great thunder-storm over this place. It broke at midnight, and raged until morning. The first intelligence he heard from his old serving-man that morning, was, that the tree had been struck by Lightning.

"It had been riven down the stem, in a very surprising manner, and the stem lay in two blighted shafts: one resting against the house, and one against a portion of the old red garden-wall in which its fall had made a gap. The fissure went down the tree to a little above the earth, and there stopped. There was great curiosity to see the tree, and, with most of his former fears revived, he sat in his arbor—grown quite an old man—watching the people who came to see it.

"They quickly began to come, in such dangerous numbers, that he closed his garden-gate and refused to admit any more. But, there were certain men of science who travelled from a distance to examine the tree, and, in an evil hour, he let them in—Blight and Murrain on them, let them in!

"They wanted to dig up the ruin by the roots, and closely examine it, and the earth about it. Never, while he lived! They offered money for it. They! Men of science, whom he could have bought by the gross, with a scratch of his pen! He showed them the garden-gate again, and locked and barred it.

"But, they were bent on doing what they

wanted to do, and they bribed the old serving-man—a thankless wretch who regularly complained when he received his wages, of being underpaid—and they stole into the garden by night with their lanterns, picks, and shovels, and fell to at the tree. He was lying in a turret-room on the other side of the house (the Bride's Chamber had been unoccupied ever since), but he soon dreamed of picks and shovels, and got up.

"He came to an upper window on that side, whence he could see their lanterns, and them, and the loose earth in a heap which he had himself disturbed and put back, when it was last turned to the air. It was found! They had that minute lighted on it. They were all bending over it. One of them said, 'The skull is fractured;' and another, 'See here the bones;' and another, 'See here are clothes;' and then the first struck in again, and said, 'A rusty bill-hook!'

"He became sensible, next day, that he was already put under a strict watch, and that he could go nowhere without being followed. Before a week was out, he was taken and laid in hold. The circumstances were gradually pieced together against him, with a desperate malignity, and an appalling ingenuity. But, see the justice of men, and how it was extended to him! He was further accused of having poisoned that girl in the Bride's Chamber. He, who had carefully and expressly avoided imperilling a hair of his head for her, and who had seen her die of her own incapacity!

"There was doubt for which of the two murders he should be first tried; but, the real one was chosen, and he was found Guilty and cast for Death. Bloodthirsty wretches! They would have made him Guilty of anything, so set they were upon having his life.

"His money could do nothing to save him, and he was hanged. I am He, and I was hanged at Lancaster Castle with my face to the wall, a hundred years ago!"

At this terrific announcement, Mr. Goodchild tried to rise and cry out. But, the two fiery lines extending from the old man's eyes to his own, kept him down, and he could not utter a sound. His sense of hearing, however, was acute, and he could hear the clock strike Two. No sooner had he heard the clock strike Two, than he saw before him Two old men!

Two.

The eyes of each, connected with his eyes by two films of fire: each, exactly like the other: each addressing him at precisely one and the same instant: each, gnashing the same teeth in the same head, with the same twitched nostril above them, and the same suffused expression around it. Two old men. Differing in nothing, equally distinct to the sight, the copy no fainter than the original, the second as real as the first.

"At what time," said the Two old men, "did you arrive at the door below?"

"At six."

"And there were Six old men upon the stairs!"

Mr. Goodchild having wiped the perspiration from his brow, or tried to do it, the Two old men proceeded in one voice, and in the singular number:

"I had been anatomized, but had not yet had my skeleton put together and re-hung on an iron hook, when it began to be whispered that the Bride's Chamber was haunted. It was haunted, and I was there.

"We were there. She and I were there. I, in the chair upon the hearth; she a white wreck again, trailing itself towards me on the floor. But, I was the speaker no more. She was the sole speaker now, and the one word that she said to me from midnight until dawn was, 'Live!'

"The youth was there, likewise. In the tree outside the window. Coming and going in the moonlight, as the tree bent and gave. He has, ever since, been there; peeping in at me in my torment; revealing to me by snatches, in the pale lights and slaty shadows where he comes and goes, bare-headed—a bill-hook, standing edgewise in his hair.

"In the Bride's Chamber, every night from midnight until dawn—one month in the year excepted, as I am going to tell you—he hides in the tree, and she comes towards me on the floor; always approaching; never coming nearer; always visible as if by moonlight, whether the moon shines or no: always saying, from midnight until dawn, her one word, 'Live!'

"But, in the month wherein I was forced out of this life—this present month of thirty days—the Bride's Chamber is empty and quiet. Not so my old dungeon. Not so the rooms where I was restless and afraid, ten years. Both are fitfully haunted then. At

One in the morning, I am what you saw me when the clock struck that hour—One old man. At Two in the morning, I am Two old men. At Three, I am Three. By Twelve at noon, I am twelve old men, One for every hundred per cent of old gain. Every one of the Twelve, with Twelve times my old power of suffering and agony. From that hour until Twelve at night, I, Twelve old men in anguish and fearful foreboding, wait for the coming of the executioner. At Twelve at night, I, Twelve old men, turned off swing invisible outside Lancaster Castle, with Twelve faces to the wall!

"When the Bride's Chamber was first haunted, it was known to me that this punishment would never cease, until I could make its nature, and my story, known to two living men together. I waited for the coming of two living men together into the Bride's Chamber, years upon years. It was infused into my knowledge (of the means I am ignorant) that if two living men, with their eyes open, could be in the Bride's Chamber at One in the morning, they would see me sitting in my chair.

"At length, the whispers that the room was spiritually troubled, brought two men to try the adventure. I was scarcely struck upon the hearth at midnight (I came there as if the Lightning blasted me into being) when I heard them ascending the stairs. Next, I saw them enter. One of them was a bold, gay, active man, in the prime of life, some five and forty years of age; the other, a dozen years younger. They brought provisions with them in a basket, and bottles. A young woman accompanied them, with wood and coals for the lighting of the fire. When she had lighted it, the bold, gay, active man accompanied her along the gallery outside the room, to see her safely down the stair-case, and came back laughing.

"He locked the door, examined the chamber, put out the contents of the basket on the table before the fire—little recking of me in my appointed station on the hearth, close to him—and filled the glasses, and ate and drank. His companion did the same, and was as cheerful and confident as he: though he was the leader. When they had supped they laid pistols on the table, turned to the fire, and began to smoke their pipes of foreign make.

"They had travelled together, and had

been much together, and had an abundance of subjects in common. In the midst of their talking and laughing, the younger man made a reference to the leader's being always ready for any adventure; that one, or any other He replied in these words:

"Not quite so, Dick; if I am afraid of nothing else, I am afraid of myself."

"His companion seeming to grow a little dull, asked him, in what sense? How?

"Why, thus," he returned. "Here is a Ghost to be disproved. Well! I cannot answer for what my fancy might do if I were alone here, or what tricks my senses might play with me if they had me to themselves. But, in company with another man, and especially with you, Dick, I would consent to outface all the Ghosts that were ever told of in the universe."

"I had not the vanity to suppose that I was of so much importance to-night," said the other.

"Of so much," rejoined the leader, more seriously than he had spoken yet, "that I would, for the reason I have given, on no account have undertaken to pass the night here alone."

"It was within a few minutes of One. The head of the younger man had drooped when he made his last remark, and it drooped lower now.

"Keep awake, Dick!" said the leader, gaily. "The small hours are the worst."

"He tried, but his head drooped again.

"Dick!" urged the leader. "Keep awake!"

"I can't," he indistinctly muttered. "I don't know what strange influence is stealing over me. I can't."

"His companion looked at him with a sudden horror, and I, in my different way, felt a new horror also; for it was on the stroke of One, and I felt that the second watcher was yielding to me, and that the curse was upon me that I must send him to sleep.

"Get up and walk, Dick!" cried the leader. "'Try!'"

"It was in vain to go behind the slumberer's chair and shake him. One o'clock sounded, and I was present to the elder man, and he stood transfixed before me.

"To him alone, I was obliged to relate my story, without hope of benefit. To him alone, I was an awful phantom making a quite useless confession. I foresee it will ever be

the same. The two living men together will never come to release me. When I appear, the senses of one of the two will be locked in sleep; he will neither see nor hear me; my communication will ever be made to a solitary listener, and will ever be unserviceable. Woe! Woe! Woe!"

As the Two old men, with these words, wrung their hands, it shot into Mr. Goodchild's mind that he was in the terrible situation of being virtually alone with the spectre, and that Mr. Idle's immovability was explained by his having been charmed asleep at One o'clock. In the terror of this sudden discovery which produced an indescribable dread, he struggled so hard to get free from the four fiery threads, that he snapped them, after he had pulled them out to a great width. Being then out of bonds, he caught up Mr. Idle from the sofa and rushed down stairs with him.

"What are you about, Francis?" demanded Mr. Idle. "My bedroom is not down here. What the deuce are you carrying me at all for? I can walk with a stick now. I don't want to be carried. Put me down."

Mr. Goodchild put him down in the old hall, and looked about him wildly.

"What are you doing? Idiotically plunging at your own sex, and rescuing them or perishing in the attempt?" asked Mr. Idle, in a highly petulant state.

"The One old man!" cried Mr. Goodchild, distractedly,—"and the Two old men!"

Mr. Idle deigned no other reply than "The One old woman, I think you mean," as he began hobbling his way back up the stair-case, with the assistance of its broad balustrade.

"I assure you, Tom," began Mr. Goodchild, attending at his side, "that since you fell asleep——"

"Come, I like that!" said Thomas Idle, "I haven't closed an eye!"

With the peculiar sensitiveness on the subject of the disgraceful action of going to sleep out of bed, which is the lot of all mankind, Mr. Idle persisted in this declaration. The same peculiar sensitiveness impelled Mr. Goodchild, on being taxed with the same crime, to repudiate it with honorable resentment. The settlement of the question of The One old man and The Two old men was thus presently complicated, and soon made quite impracticable. Mr. Idle said it was all Bride-cake, and fragments, newly arranged, of things seen and thought about in the day. Mr. Goodchild said how could that be, when he hadn't been asleep, and what right could Mr. Idle have to say so, who had been asleep? Mr. Idle said he had never been asleep, and never did go to sleep, and that Mr. Goodchild, as a general rule, was always asleep. They consequently parted for the rest of the night, at their bedroom doors, a little ruffled. Mr. Goodchild's last words were, that he had had, in that real and tangible old sitting-room of that real and tangible old Inn (he supposed Mr. Idle denied its existence?), every sensation and experience, the present record of which is now within a line or two of completion; and that he would write it out and print it every word. Mr. Idle returned that he might if he liked—and he did like, and has now done it.

CHARLES I.'S VOW TO RESTORE CHURCH LANDS.—The late William Upcott, in his privately printed catalogue of his valuable M.S. collections, gives the title of a remarkable paper written by Charles I., of which he had a transcript, but does not mention the source from whence he derived it. It consists of a vow made by that monarch at Oxford in 1646, to the effect that, if God restored him to his throne, he would restore all impropriations to the church, and give back to every see and capitular body the rents which had been unjustly transferred from them to the crown.

In Upcott's sale catalogue, June 22, 1846, I find no entry of this document. Can any one

inform me into whose hands it passed, or from what source Upcott originally obtained his transcript?

[This important document is printed in the Appendix to Robert Nelson's *Address to Persons of Quality and Estate*, 1715, and in Spelman's *History of Sacrilege*, p. 170, edit. 1846. It is omitted in the first edition of the latter work, 1698.]—*Notes and Queries*.

WHERE shall I find the little poem commencing

"When in Golconda's mine I lay."

—*Notes and Queries*.

ARISE YE, AND DEPART.

Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest.—
Micah, ii. 10.

Arise ye, and depart; for never more
Can shine the sun upon the darkened cloud.
Can Life her Ishmael, lost Hope, restore
Unto the soul? That soul like Hagar bowed
And gazing o'er the waste; weaving her
shroud
From out the sorrow hived within her breast;
She lists to murmurs, uttered not aloud,
To the wing-music of an angel guest—
"Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your
rest."

Arise ye, and depart; yon setting sun
Casts lengthened shadows down the stony
way;
The shattered sunbeams, angels one by one
Are stealing; leaves are blushing o'er decay;
And Ocean moans his broken-hearted lay
In Nature's ear; and Nature, worn, oppress,
With hearing all her wayward children pray
To her, but syllables that high behest—
"Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your
rest."

Arise ye, and depart; all steeped in light,
That heaven-promised land lies far before;
The cloud by day, the pillared fire by night,
Shall beacon onward to that distant shore:
There every hope lost from the earthly store,
And wildly mourned, is garnered to the breast,
And from the Tree of Life can fall no more
A withered leaf. Wayworn and care-oppress,
"Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your
rest."

—*Chambers' Journal.*

A BADEN-BADEN EPIGRAM.

(From a window-pane of the Hotel Sans-Souci.)

"Venez ici, sans souci. Vous
Partirez d'ici, sans six sous!"

SOME BADEN-BADEN TRANSLATIONS.

(From a window-pane of the Hotel Lazy-Alley.)

"You come to this city, plumed with felicity,
You'll flutter from this city, plucked to men-
dicity!"

Or—

"With plenty of tin, purse-proud you come in.
You'll go a sad *ninkum* from out-go of in-
come!"

Or—

"Not a bit pensive, you come here expensive.
Soon you'll go hence, with a—d—n the
expense!"

Here I'll stop; and leave this almost impossi-
bility of English rendering to his highness the
Grand Duke Johann Gottfried von Saxe-Bruni-
gen; to whom also I commend, for the ears of
his little pitchers,—"*Ton thé a-t-il oté ta
toux?*" Touchstone.—[*Boston Post.*

THE RURAL LIFE.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Forswear

Contentions wearisome—life's wear and tear,
Town-bred ambitions—thoughts of gain or loss
Of worldly dross;
All wild unreasonable hopes of thine,
Straightway resign;
Satisfied in these meadows to possess,
Like innocent little children, happiness;
All debts of hope deferred, or wealth's increase,
Glad to compound and liquidate for—PEACE!

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Forbear

To trust implicitly in man-made laws,
Nor urge the justice of the justest cause
Too far.

Thou, rather, loving-kindness ever strive
To keep alive.

Annoyances and trespasses will be,
Which 'twere as well thou didst not choose to
see;

By gentle bearing prove thy gentle blood—
Shine, thou, the mirror of good neighborhood.

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Take care,

Whate'er thy duty, be that duty done,
Nor shun it, if thyself thou wouldst not shun.
Easy—Not thee!

At ease, and slothful—indolent and free,
God will not let man be!

Up, and be doing, then—the wilderness
Invites thy hand to conquer and to bless;
Deserts are but the earth at liberty—
'Twas Chaos when the universe was free!

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Declare

Th' eternal truth of nature, and be free
Of old simplicity, With reverence store
Unwritten lore.

Lo! the First Cause, benevolent and great,
In all we contemplate.

Nor let seclusion dull the social mind,
For friends estranged are kin to friends un-
kind;

Be sedulous of hospitable cares,
Angels have thus been cherished unawares!

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Despair

Of finding heaven on earth—days void of care,
Exemption from the miseries of life,
And unsought strife.

Thy heaven on earth is but a heaven of clay,
Passing away.

Tenant at will of evanescent hours,
Joys unsubstantial, transitory powers;
Steward of these lands, and of this life of thine,
Commanded to improve and to resign!

—*Chambers' Journal.*

From The Saturday Review.

THE RECENT HISTORY OF EGYPT.

EGYPT exhibits far more conspicuously than any other part of the Ottoman Empire the process of that resuscitation and transformation which it is the policy and interest of Western Europe to promote in the East. It has enjoyed the advantage of a security guaranteed by the Great Powers for sixteen years; and it has been governed by two very remarkable men. Mahomet Ali, at an early period of his career, imported into the Government of the country many of the notions which he knew to prevail in the West. He commenced great public works with a view to open or facilitate communication; he placed the whole management of the land under a uniform administration; he founded a regular system of primary and advanced education; and he established a standing army of natives. He was succeeded by a grandson, entirely unworthy of him—a mere, selfish, indolent, Oriental despot. But, happily for Egypt, Abbas Pacha died early; and was succeeded by his uncle, Said Pacha, the present viceroy. An account of what Said Pacha has already done during the few years of his reign, has lately been published by M. Paul Merruau; and although it is perhaps slightly colored by the prepossessions of the writer, who is an enthusiastic advocate of the Suez Canal, yet its substantial accuracy is, we believe, indisputable; and the picture presented of the good lying within the power of a single wise and honest ruler to achieve is well worth examining. We will state, as briefly as possible, the general direction in which Said Pacha has worked, and the general results which have followed his exertions.

His first task was to centralize the civil authority. It is the great source of the Sultan's weakness that his lieutenants are almost independent of him, and govern, rob, and maltreat their provinces after their pleasure. In Egypt, there were in the same way governors of provinces who were permitted to rule as they pleased, provided they paid to the viceregal treasury their quota of tribute. Said Pacha entirely suppressed them, and substituted what M. Merruau calls prefects of departments—the distinction between them and the old governors of provinces being, we presume, that the former are only the agents of the supreme government. Said Pacha at the same time re-organized the system of

military conscription. The recruits were formerly compelled to serve for life. Now every male in Egypt is obliged to serve in the army for one year; and there are no exemptions. The chiefs of the villages had a prescriptive claim to exempt their children, but Said Pacha would admit of no inequality in this respect, and by the display of some necessary severity he carried his point. The amount of the standing army is astonishingly small, as it only numbers 12,000 men. But the geography of the country is in their favor, for the main body is quartered in an entrenched camp near a central station; and by the aid of the telegraph, the railway, and the river, the men can easily be moved to any spot where their presence may be required.

Said Pacha also introduced a great change in the tenure of property and the method of collecting the taxes. His father declared himself by a sudden edict, sole proprietor of the land, giving the former proprietors a pecuniary compensation equivalent to their yearly receipts. His object was, to be able to determine at his pleasure the extent and situation of the districts which should be assigned to the production of the articles which his acquaintance with the state of the European markets suggested would be most in demand. The fellahs paid in kind; and the pressure of taxation was so heavy that not only were they reduced to the minimum of subsistence, but they were deeply in debt to the Government. Said Pacha has entirely abandoned all attempts to determine the nature and extent of the crops to be cultivated; he has given to the cultivators not the absolute ownership, but the usufruct of the soil; he has remitted all existing debts; he has ordered all taxes to be paid in coin; and, in order to promote the industry of individuals, he has abolished the old system by which each village was responsible for the payment of the whole sum levied on it; and now every cultivator is separately liable, and has only to pay his own individual contingent. The Viceroy has also taken every means of opening the internal trade of the country. The cities were subject to the payment of a very heavy octroy on all goods brought into them, and this octroy was let out to contractors, who had the goods brought into the city, and then seized on them altogether, unless their owners would pay a certain sum in excess of the legal duty. Said Pacha has

entirely done away with all payments on the introduction of merchandize into the cities. Foreign merchants, also, are now allowed to purchase directly from the producers; and all attempts at establishing a monopoly of carriage, so as to prevent any of the cultivators from enjoying a ready access to a market are steadily discouraged. Trade is being rapidly developed; and it is found that the Egyptians make excellent traders. The natives beat the Europeans. Directly they are allowed to develop their energies, and a good Government permits the accumulation of capital, they show the superiority which is given them by their greater sobriety, and economy, and by their knowledge of the country.

The short reign of the Viceroy has also been marked by the execution of great public undertakings. The greatest of these has been the cleansing of the Mahmoudieh Canal, which is the main channel of communication between the upper districts and Alexandria. It was constructed in 1819; but, even in the latter years of Mahomet Ali, its utility promised to be speedily at an end, owing to the rapid accretion of deposits left by the water of the Nile which feeds it. When Said Pacha succeeded his nephew, the deposits had attained such a height that the exact length of time during which the canal would be available was easily calculable. The Viceroy was not a man to do a thing by halves. He determined that the whole canal should be cleansed within a month. He directed an engineer to estimate the number of men required. The estimate was fixed at 67,000. Orders were instantly sent to the Provinces, and portions of the work assigned to different districts. It was announced that when this portion was completed, the men of that district should be at liberty to return home. This acted as a premium on despatch, and the Provinces sent nearly double the number required. Adequate supplies of food were provided, and physicians were sent to watch over the health of the workmen—two measures that showed, as much perhaps as anything, that Egypt was under a new régime. The canal was cleansed in twenty-two days; and at the same time an excellent road was formed with the mud taken out of the bed. The railway from Cairo to Suez is being constructed in much the same way, the Viceroy being bent on having it finished in the least

possible time, and having furnished the contractor with thrice the number of men he asked for. Other plans of minor importance are also being executed, or are already in operation. A service of steam-vessels is to be established for the coasting-trade of the Red Sea; and a Steam-tug Company has been formed, and allowed to begin its operations with a concession highly favorable to the adventurers, on condition that they will render certain services to the country, and more especially that they will keep the bed of the Mahmoudieh free from deposits, by constant dredging.

Some efforts have also been made to foster education. Mahomet Ali set on foot a variety of military schools for the different branches of the service; but now that the army is so small, one elementary school and one school for the staff suffice. Great attention has been paid to encouraging the study of medicine, and a year ago a medical school was opened with much solemnity by the Pacha. At Cairo, there are a few secondary schools frequented by the aristocracy of the country; but the Viceroy appears to be of opinion, and very wisely, that it is worse than useless to stimulate an unhealthy and unnatural growth of knowledge among a people who have as yet scarcely any means of comprehending Western ideas, and who would gain little by a superficial acquaintance with books which they could not really understand. Material civilization, as it is often called, is the grand requisite and the grand education for a country like Egypt. This is the first generation of Egyptians for hundreds of years that has tasted the influence of that sweetest of thoughts to the industrious—that their money is their own. This alone is an influence the civilizing effect of which cannot be overrated. Were Egypt to enjoy but a few years untroubled with war or civil tumult, and were it ruled by such men as Said Pacha, it would soon become what nature intended it to be—one of the wealthiest and finest countries in the world. Considering that its present ruler has been at the head of affairs so short a time, and that it has during this period undergone the strain which the Russian war placed on its resources, it is surprising that the stride towards civilization which it has already taken should have been so great and so decisive.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE OMNIBUS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

It will perhaps surprise our readers to learn that the omnibus is no new discovery of the nineteenth century, but rather the development of a seed sown in the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV.; that is, nearly two hundred years ago, when the Parisians actually enjoyed for a time this cheap and popular mode of conveyance.

Carriages on hire had already been long known in Paris; Nicholas Sauvage, in the Rue St. Martin, at the sign of St. Fiacre, let out coaches by the hour or the day; but these conveyances, which were soon distinguished by the name of the saint, were expensive, and quite beyond the means of the middle class. In the year 1657, a Monsieur de Givry obtained letters-patent "to establish in the crossways and public places of the city and suburbs of Paris such a number of coaches, calèches, &c., drawn by two horses each, as he should judge proper; to be exposed there from seven in the morning until seven in the evening, at the hire of those who had need of them, whether by the hour, the half-hour, day, or otherwise, at the pleasure of those who wished to make use of them, to be carried from one place to another, wherever their affairs called them, either in the city and suburbs of Paris, or as far as four or five leagues in the environs," &c. This was an improvement on the system of M. Sauvage; but the prices still continued too high for the multitude, and accordingly we find, in 1662, the Duke of Roanès, the Marquis of Sourches, and the Marquis of Crenan, soliciting and obtaining letters-patent for a great speculation—carriages to contain eight persons at five sous the seat, and running in stated routes, at fixed hours, the omnibus, in short.

The first omnibus journey was made on the 18th of March 1662: on that day seven cheap coaches were driven for the first time through the streets that lead from the Porte St. Antoine to the Luxembourg Palace. According to Sauval, in his *Antiquities of Paris*, they were pursued by the stones and hisses of the populace. The truth of this assertion is, however, much to be doubted; and we are far more inclined to believe Madame Perier, the sister of the great Pascal, who, in a letter to Arnould de Pom-

ponne, describes the public joy caused by the appearance of these low-priced carriages. She writes as follows:

"Paris, March 21, 1662.

"As every one has obtained some particular office in the affair of the coaches, I have solicited with eagerness that of announcing to you its success, and I have been so fortunate as to obtain it; therefore, sir, each time you see my writing, be assured of good news. The establishment commenced last Saturday morning, at seven o'clock, with wonderful pomp and splendor. The seven carriages provided for this route were first distributed. Three were sent to the Porte St. Antoine, and four were placed before the Luxembourg, where at the same time were stationed two commissaries of the Chatelet* in their robes, four guards of the high-provost, ten or twelve of the city archers, and as many men on horseback. When everything was ready, the commissaries proclaimed the establishment, explained its usefulness, exhorted the citizens to sustain it, and declared to the lower class that the slightest insult would be severely punished; and all this was said in the king's name. Afterwards, they gave the coachmen their coats, which are blue—the color of the king and of the city—with the arms of the king and of the city embroidered on the bosom, and then they ordered the departure.

"Immediately one of the coaches started, carrying inside one of the high-provost's guards. Half a quarter of an hour after, another one set off, and then the two others at the same intervals of time, each carrying a guard, who was to remain therein the whole day. At the same time, the city archers and the men on horseback dispersed themselves on the route.

"At the Porte St. Antoine the same ceremonies took place, at the same hour, with the three carriages that had been sent there, and the same arrangements were made with respect to the guards, the archers, and the men on horseback. In short, the affair was so well managed that not the slightest confusion arose, and those carriages were started as peaceably as the others.

"The thing, indeed, has succeeded perfectly: the very first morning the coaches were filled, and even several women were among the passengers; but in the afternoon, the crowd was so great, that one could not get near them, and every day since it has been the same; so that we see by experience that the greatest inconvenience is the one you apprehended—people wait in the street for the arrival of one of these coaches to get into it, and when it comes, it is full. This is vexatious, but there is consolation, for it is

* The great Chatelet, a court of justice.

known that another will arrive in half a quarter of an hour; however, this other comes, and it also is full; and after this has been repeated several times, people are obliged to continue their way on foot. In short, that you may not think I exaggerate, I tell you this because it happened to myself. I was waiting at the door of St Merry's Church, in the Rue de la Verrerie, having a great desire to return home in a coach—for it is pretty far from there to my brother's house—but I had the vexation to see five coaches pass without being able to get a seat; all were full; and during all this time I heard blessings bestowed on the authors of an establishment so advantageous and useful to the public: as every one spoke his thought, some said that all this affair was perfectly well invented, but that it was a great fault to have put only seven coaches on one route; that they were not sufficient for half the people who had need of them, and that there ought to have been at least twenty. I listened to all this, and I was in so bad a temper from having missed five coaches, that at the moment I was quite of their opinion. In short, the applause is universal, and one may say that nothing was ever better begun.

"The first and second days there was a crowd on the Pont Neuf, and in all the streets to see them pass, and it was very amusing to observe the workmen cease their labor to look at them, so that no more work was done all Saturday throughout the whole route than if it had been a holiday. Smiling faces were seen everywhere—not smiles of mockery, but of content and joy; and this convenience is found so great that every one desires it for his own quarter.

"The shopkeepers of the Rue St. Denis demand a route with so much importunity, that they even speak of presenting a petition. Preparations were being made to give them one next week, but yesterday morning M. de Roanès, M. de Crenan, and M. the High Provost (M. de Sourches), being all three at the Louvre, the king talked very pleasantly about this novelty, and addressing those gentlemen, said: 'And *our* route, will you not soon establish it?'

"These words of the king oblige them to think of the Rue St. Honoré, and to defer for some days the Rue St. Denis. Besides this, the king, speaking on the same subject, said that he wished those who were guilty of the slightest insolence to be severely punished, and that he would not permit this establishment to be disturbed.

"This is the present position of the undertaking. I am sure you will not be less surprised than we are at its great success, which has far surpassed all our hopes. I shall not fail to send you exact word of every pleasant

thing that happens, according to the office conferred on me, and to supply the place of my brother, who would have undertaken the duty with joy if he could write.

"I wish with all my heart to have matter to write you every week, both for your satisfaction, and for other reasons that you can well guess.—I am, your obedient servant,

"G. PASCAL."

Postscriptum in the writing of Pascal, and probably the last lines he ever penned—he died August, 1662:

"I will add to the above, that the day before yesterday, at the king's *petit-coucher* (evening reception), a dangerous assault was made against us by two courtiers most distinguished in rank and wit, which would have ruined us by turning us into ridicule, and would have given room to all sorts of attacks, but the king answered so obligingly and so drily with respect to the excellence of the affair, and for us, that they quickly put up their weapons. I have no more paper; adieu, entirely yours."

It has been said that Pascal was the inventor of the omnibus. Suaval affirms it distinctly in *Antiquities*, and Madame de Sévigné seems to allude to it in a passage of one of her letters, where she says: "Apropos of Pascal, I am in the humor to admire the honesty of *messieurs les postillons*, who are incessantly on the road carrying our letters."

It is certain that he and his sister were peculiarly interested in the affair, and it is possible that it was at his suggestion that his rich friend the Duke of Roanès became one of the principal leaders of the undertaking; but we must not consider Pascal in the light of a vulgar speculator, for earthly interests affected him personally but slightly: he saw in this invention an advantage for the public at large; and if any profits were to accrue, his share was intended for the relief of the poor, as is evident in the following extract from the little work Madame Perier has dedicated to the memory of her brother:

"As soon as the affair of the coaches was settled, he told me that he wished to ask the farmers of it for an advance of a thousand francs, to send to the poor at Blois. When I remarked that the success of the enterprise was not sufficiently assured for him to make this request, he rep'd that he saw no inconvenience in it, because if the affair did not prosper, he would repay the money from his estate, and he did not wish to wait until the year was ended, because the necessities of

the poor were too urgent to defer charity. As no arrangement could be made with the farmers, he was not able to satisfy his desires. On this occasion, we perceived the truth of what he had so often told me, that he wished for riches only to be able to help the poor: the moment God gave him the hope of possessing wealth, even before he was assured of it, he began to distribute it."

By an extract taken from the parliament registers in the ninth volume of the *Ordonnances de Louis XIV.*, we learn that these cheap conveyances are permitted "for the convenience of a great number of persons ill accommodated; such as pleaders, infirm people, and others who not having the means to hire chairs or carriages, because they cost a pistole or two crowns at least the day, can thus be carried for a moderate price by means of this establishment of coaches, which are always to make the same journeys in Paris from one quarter to another—namely, the longest at five sous the seat, and the others less; the suburbs in proportion; and which are always to start at fixed hours, however small the number of persons then assembled, and even empty, if no person should present himself, without obliging those who make use of this convenience to pay more for their places," &c.

These regulations are similar to those of the modern omnibus; but there were restrictions as to the quality of the passengers. In the same registers, volume K., we find it ordered that "soldiers, pages, lackeys, and other gentry in livery, also mechanics and workmen, shall not be able to enter the said coaches."

The first route was opened on the 18th of March, 1662; the second, on the 11th of April, running from the Rue St. Antoine, opposite the Place Royale, to the Rue St. Honoré, as high as the church of St. Roch. On this occasion, a placard announced to the citizens that the directors "had received advice of some inconveniences which might annoy persons desirous of making use of their conveyances; such, for instance, when the coachman refuses to stop to take them up on the route, even though there are empty places, and other similar occurrence; this is to make it known that all the coaches have been numbered, and that the number is placed at the top of the *moutons*," on each

* *Moutons*—pieces of wood placed perpendicularly on the axle-tree of the carriage, and to which the braces are fastened.

side of the coachman's box, with the *fleur de lis*—one, two, three, &c.—according to the number of coaches on each route. And so those who have reason to complain of the coachman, are prayed to remember the number of the coach, and to give advice of it to the clerk of one of the offices, that order may be established.

"The carriages will always carry the arms of the city of Paris, and the coachman wear a blue coat."

The third route, which ran from the Rue Montmartre and the Rue Neuve St. Eustache, of the Luxembourg Palace, was opened on the 22d of May, of the same year; and the placard which conveys the intelligence to the public, gives notice also, "that to prevent the delay of money-changing, which always consumes much time, gold will not be received."

Every arrangement being thus made to render these cheap carriages useful and agreeable, they soon became fashionable; so much so, indeed, that an actor named Chevalier wrote a comedy in verse, entitled *The Intrigue of the Coaches at Five Sous*, which was represented at the theatre of the Marais in 1662. Some passages of this play are given in the *History of the French Theatre*, by the Brothers Parfaict. What caused a fashion so convenient to change, seems at first sight inexplicable; but it is certain that after a few years the enterprise failed, and the omnibus was forgotten for more than a hundred and fifty years. Sauval attributes this misfortune to the death of Pascal; but the coaches continued to flourish for three or four years after that event, which took place on the 19th of August, 1662.

"Every one" says he in a curious page of his *Antiquities*, "during two years, found these coaches so convenient, that auditors and masters of accounts, counsellors of the Chatelet and of the court, made no scruple to use them to go to the Chatelet or to the palace; and this occasioned the price to be raised one sou. Even the Duke d'Enghien* has travelled in them. But what do I say? The king, then passing the summer at St. Germain, whither he consented that these coaches should come, went in one, for his amusement from the old castle, where he was staying, to the new one, to visit the

* Henri Jules de Bourbon-Condé, son of the great Condé.

queen-mother. Notwithstanding this great fashion, these coaches, three or four years after their establishment, were so despised, that no one would make use of them; and this ill success was attributed to the death of Pascal, the celebrated mathematician, still more celebrated for his *Letters to a Provincial*. It is said that he was the inventor of them, as well as the manager, and that he had drawn their horoscope, and made them public under a certain constellation, whose bad influences he well knew how to turn aside."

If we now endeavor to discover the cause of the failure of an undertaking which seemed so well begun, we shall find it in the restrictions it was thought necessary to make in the choice of the passengers. At a period when society was still divided into orders most distinctly marked, the upper and middle classes, who alone enjoyed the privilege

of travelling together, saw in this invention rather a new mode than the fulfilment of a social want, and got tired of it after a certain time, as fashionable people still get tired of every thing fashionable. It was reserved for the present age to adopt the true omnibus—that is, a carriage for the use of all indiscriminately, in which the workman takes his seat beside the gentleman. Thus, this conveyance has become not a fashionable amusement or caprice, but a necessity and a habit, which can never be eradicated from the customs of the people.

Neither drawing or engraving of this ancient omnibus is in existence, and we can therefore give our readers no description of its appearance; as, however, we know that it contained eight persons, and was hung by long braces, fastened to *moutons*, it is probable it resembled the coaches represented in the picture of Van der Meulen and Martin.

ORNITHOLOGICAL.—I have lately met, in Staffordshire and Shropshire, with a curious local name for the great titmouse, "the Prinpriddle." The long-tailed titmouse is also there known as "the Canbottle;" elsewhere it is called "the Mumruffin." The other day a singularly beautiful nest of this bird was brought to me, and is now hanging in a conspicuous situation in my room. It had been carefully taken out of a blackthorn bush (not with my knowledge or wish, for I could not have had the heart to rob the clever little birds of their charmingly constructed home), and contained fourteen small delicately spotted eggs. The chief stem of the blackthorn divides into four stiff twigs, and, firmly interlaced among these is the pendulous nest of moss and feathers, crusted over with lichens. The entrance to the nest is its most singular part. On the left-hand side of the hole, and just within it, three pheasants' feathers are firmly fixed, in such a manner that they completely cover the aperture, but can be readily pushed aside by the bird, as it enters and leaves the nest. These pheasants' feathers, being only fastened at one end, give way to a slight pressure, and then, by their own flexibility, return to their original position. This novel, ingenious, and beautiful door, effectually protects the nest from wet.

Surely here is a fit subject for a companion sonnet to that of Wordsworth's on the "Wild Ducks Nest."

"The imperial consort of the Fairy-King
Owns not a sylvan bower; or gorgeous cell

With emerald floored, and with purpureal shell

Ceilinged and roofed; that is so fair a thing
As this low structure, for the tasks of Spring."

Miscellaneous Sonnets, xv.

—Notes and Queries.

THE PISANI-PAUL VERONESE.—In the purchase of the Pisani-Paul Veronese detailed in the communication of Morris Moore to the *Athenæum*, various servants of Count Pisani received vails or gratuities, such as the first steward £300; the chambermaid £10; the cook £6, &c. &c.

"Is it customary for Italian servants to receive vails or gratuities in this manner?"

May these servants have thus realized, being about to lose a painting the showing of which brought them profit in fees?

The Count Pisani's share was £12,360; besides this sum others took £1,290!—*Notes and Queries*.

MANUSCRIPT SERMONS.—The following note is appended to No. 4102 in Kerslake's last Catalogue:

"The present practice of taking a single manuscript sermon into the pulpit is scarcely a century old. The older clergy preached from an octavo or duodecimo volume, containing 10, 20, or 30 sermons, usually in black binding."

Was it so?—*Notes and Queries*.

From Household Words.

STEPPING-STONES.

OCCASIONALLY a favorite pastime with me is—how shall I express it?—striding up the broad River of Time like a stalwart traveller from Broddingnag; taking a whole generation in a single giant step, and so getting rapidly by half-a-dozen zig-zags over the distance of two or three centuries. All this, moreover, being accomplished in the most natural way conceivable, by the homeliest exercise of memory, and not simply by what might be termed any mere stretch of the imagination.

An ordinary memory, indeed, is really, I take it, about the only endowment in any way positively requisite for the complete enjoyment of this new species of intellectual recreation. An ordinary memory meaning nothing more than the average memory of any moderately educated individual. Endowed so far and no farther, any one—you, reader, or I, writer—may in another sense, not less than Julius Cæsar himself, according to Shakspeare's definition of him,

"Bestride this narrow world like a Colossus."

To afford testimony at once of the literal truth of what I assert, by a few simple illustrations, accompany me, dear reader, while I take one of these same Titanic strolls back towards the fountain-head of antiquity. And so, without further parley, as they say in the story-books, let us begin with the beginning:

STARTING POINT. A.D. 1857.

It is about four of the clock upon an afternoon in the early part of this autumn, that I am sauntering along the pavement in front of Whitehall, over against the Horse Guards, directing my steps in a leisurely stroll down Parliament Street towards Westminster. I know the precise time, less by means of the dingy clock-dial over the way—a sort of a tantalising, opaque transparency, neither white by midday nor bright by midnight—than by a casual glance on either hand at my fellow-foot-passengers.

Honorable gentlemen straggling from the clubs to what may be designated the rival Commons of Britain—and—Bellamy. The choicest residue of the session, bearing somewhat the same relation to the House that pure gold does to the well-rocked cradle of the Californian. Legislators who have been gradually sifted down in the cradle of debate.

Everybody is familiarly acquainted with them, who knows anything about the precincts of St. Margaret's. They are what that Junius of St. James', the mysterious and illustrious author of the Court Circular, would term the habitués of the House of Commons. Honorable gentlemen, right honorable gentlemen, and noble lords, who stick to the benches with as much tenacity as Theseus to the diabolical chair originally handed to him (no doubt with a polite flourish) by Radamanthus. The limpets (to say nothing of the Barnacles) of the state vessel. A select few, who begin the dreary fun of the session by chasing Black Rod to the bar of the Lords in February, and end it by meekly shaking hands with Mr. Speaker in August. A wonderful set of indefatigables, grinding away, systematically, on committees with a stolid perseverance worthy of the Brixton treadmills—told out into one or other of the lobbies on every division—haunting the doorkeeper like the memories of an evil conscience—contributing ever a certain majority to every uncertain minority upon every count-out recorded in the newspapers. Everybody else has long since pulled on his fishing-boots, or donned his tweed-jacket, off to the trout-stream, or to the heathery region of the deer-stalker. With these it is otherwise: the only battue they care for is the one known—in parliamentary slang—as the Massacre of the Innocents. Yet, look at them! these men who may be regarded as the pick of the national representatives. With a few rare exceptions, they are, for the most part, as unlike senators in their outward appearance as even Monsieur Roland of the French Revolution—wearing most of them, figuratively speaking, ribbons in their shoes, made of nothing more than red-tape, dusted over with nothing less than pouncet. Conspicuous amongst these political mediocrities, however, as they saunter down towards their accustomed destination—noticeable, here and there, an orator with something like an individuality, or a statesman with something very like a reputation. Yonder! perched in the saddle, and guiding his horse at a walking pace past the Treasury, moves by slowly but surely in the one inevitable direction, the noble lord, the ex-premier with the Sphinx-like profile. There, as I come at last within view of the grey old minister towers, flashes round the kerbstone in his brougham, the sprightly veteran who

makes it such a capital joke to guide the destinies of England, lolling on green cushions before a green box containing nothing at all in particular, with a hat cocked rakishly on one side, and a smart thing always ready to his lips for every comer—be he some earnest patriot with a great wrong to speak of, or the discoverer and proprietor in fee simple of the last new mare's-nest of diplomacy.

As I cross the open space in my careless advance towards Westminster Hall, I recollect the larger purpose of my purely mental peregrinations. And the fancy then takes me that by no more than six or eight of the simplest strides of memory, each one naturally suggesting another, I shall have passed in thought over the heads of ten several generations before those valves of the great state engine, the glass-doors of the House of Commons, shall have swung to at the heels of the leader of her Majesty's opposition member for Buckinghamshire, whom I have just encountered at the corner of Palace Yard. Half-a-dozen historic stepping-stones, or thereabouts, and we shall be landed at the distance of three centuries!

STEP THE FIRST. A.D. 1848.

AN interval of very little more than nine years' duration—scarcely one classic decade—brings me readily to a date within the recollection of us all: to an occurrence, as it were, of yesterday. I am reminded of that 19th of January, in 1848, when yonder novelist-politician lounging on before me was witness to a tranquil death he himself has since then gracefully and impressively commemorated—that of his venerable father, the accomplished author of the *Curiosities of Literature*. A dissolution so entirely in the natural order of things—resulting from a calm decay of the vital energies in a ripe old age, surrounded by all the consolations of a blameless, and, still more, of an eminently useful and meritorious life—that a son could write of it befittingly soon afterwards in a tone expressive of pensive equanimity. The demise of Isaac Disraeli, in his eighty-second year, has, in truth, been not inappropriately described by his filial biographer as constituting, so to speak, the very Euthanasia of a man-of-letters. For, it is recorded of him, that almost immediately before he laid himself down peacefully to breathe his last in the seclusion of his country home at Bradenham House in Buck-

inghamshire, his publisher had written to inform him that ALL his works were out of print, importuning him at once to set about revising them for a new edition, to appear either piecemeal or collectively. So ended, nearly ten years ago, that protracted literary existence: a life which, commencing rather unpropitiously for a student-ambition in the May of 1766, at Enfield, was passed for the most part, in the quietude of a library, in the midst of a continual and congenial litter of books and manuscripts.

STEP THE SECOND. A.D. 1784.

It recurs to my mind, while I am musing over this career of the purely contemplative and entirely successful bookman, that, in the nineteenth year of his age, this same Isaac Disraeli who, sixty-four years afterwards, was to expire amidst the raptures of a so-called Euthanasia of authorship, stood in the winter of 1784, upon the doorstep of Number Eight, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, a timorous poet-aspirant seeking the advice of Doctor Johnson. It is the forenoon of a foggy day in November. A packet has been left by the nervous stripling at that same door a week previously; and he has called now, by appointment, in the hope of learning the success of his little enterprise. A packet, this appears to have been, containing nothing less important than a manuscript poem on Commerce—a didactic poem reprehending its theme (strange enough, this, from the son of a Hebrew merchant!) as the enervator of the human race and the corrupter of society—and together with these verses a suitable epistle addressed to the great critic, beseeching the aid of his wisdom as a literary guide and counsellor.

That door-step of Number Eight, Bolt Court, is our second stepping-stone. It has carried us at one stride across some sixty-four years, over nearly two generations.

Hesitating, yet sanguine, as befits at once the modesty and hopefulness of eighteen, young Isaac Disraeli is standing there beside me, waiting the answer to his faint uncertain knock of trepidation. The door opens at last,—it is answered (meaning the visitor is answered) by the doctor's well-known black servant, Mr. Francis Barber, a form with which each one is intimately acquainted through the magic mirror of Boswell's Biography.

Ill news for the youthful poetaster,—here is the packet handed back to him, unopened. Ill news, ah me! too, for the world at large. The Doctor is to ill to read anything.

The disheartening message, we are told by the sympathising commemorator of the incident, is accepted by the stripling of eighteen, in his utter despondency, as a merely mechanical excuse. But, alas! the cause was too true; and a few weeks after, on that bed beside which the voice of Mr. Burke faltered, and the tender spirit of Bennet Langton was ever vigilant, the great soul of Johnson quitted earth. At the moment, however, when the young, eager face of the Jew-poet turns from the door, clouded by the first anguish of his sudden and scarcely anticipated disappointment,—there, breathing heavily and painfully in the curtained room up-stairs, lies, still in life, the Oracle of his Generation. Miss Burney is waiting anxiously for news of him in the quiet parlor, and the figure of Langton is softly creaking down the staircase, to sadden her with the last whispered bulletin.

STEP THE THIRD. A.D. 1739.

JOHNSON expired soon afterwards in that same year, at the age of seventy-five, on the 13th of December; and I am naturally reminded of a notable incident occurring five and forty years before the date of the one last mentioned. I am in a picturesque corner of a famous grotto,—a small study or rather snuggery, very cosily furnished. It is the 1st of August in the year of grace 1739. A poor little pale-faced crooked man is seated immediately before me, huddled up in a dressing-gown, leaning over a table, scribbling. A glance over his shoulder shows me that what he has been writing is just finished. It is a courtly letter from Alexander Pope, addressed to my Lord Gower, commending one Mr. Samuel Johnson, who hath recently (his Lordship is informed by his correspondent) penned an ingenious poem on London: and for which aforesaid bard of the capital, Mr. Pope thinks my Lord might perhaps, without much effort, materially advancing the young man's fortunes thereby,—obtain a degree, at his Lordship's leisure, from one of the rival universities. Generously thought of, O noble heart in the stunted frame! but thought of, as it happens, in this instance somewhat ineffectually. However fruitlessly written, it is pleasant to recal to one's re-

membrance that kindly intercession on behalf of Samuel Johnson, then thirty, and comparatively obscure, spontaneously made by Alexander Pope, then fifty-one, and in the full meridian glory of his reputation. It imparts—the memory of that genial act, an act worthy of the literary brotherhood—an additional pathos to the sorrowful death-scene five years afterwards, when the great poet, prematurely decrepit at the age of fifty-six, sat silently, with his mind wrecked, propped up with pillows, slowly dying! And when, leaning over the back of his arm-chair, weeping over the friend already taken from him, though still alive, Henry, Lord Bolingbroke sobbed out, through his tears, in broken accents:

“O great God, what is man!”

Remembering which woeful death-scene that was to be, I like to tarry a while over the thought of that fraternal plea, but one brief lustre earlier (five short years!), that unsolicited good service, by which the renowned author endeavored, as it were by stealth, to aid the unknown writer, then struggling manfully to fame, through many dismal misfortunes.

STEP THE FOURTH. A.D. 1700.

ANOTHER interval has sped by, an interval of full forty years, when I lounge back at a stride into Will's Coffee House and the year of grace 1700, simultaneously. As I am following our own diminutive Alexander the Great into that far-famed haunt of the wits and witlings, I am ashamed to confess it, I observe that my little Guide upon Town is positively but just in his teens, and consequently in his outward man (or rather, it should be said, boy) appears to be more than ever a whipper-snapper. I should be still more ashamed to confess it, that his visiting Will's Coffee House in this way is regarded by many as an incident, to say the least of it, extremely questionable, if not an occurrence, the record of which must be pronounced (as some assert) absolutely apocryphal—BUT—that I have long since doggedly and deliberately made up my mind to swallow henceforth, without any further qualms of suspicion, every one of those dear little dubious episodes that lend a charm to our national annals, impart a zest to biography, and suffice a fascination over all kinds of literary and historical reminiscences.

Don't tell me they are impossible. I reply they are delightful, and, so replying, pin my faith to them, one and all, with the most implicit credulity. It may be that Sir Isaac Newton never had a pet dog of any kind whatever; yet, in spite of that newly discovered and perfectly indisputable truth, I cherish still, with the most obstinate and unshakeable fidelity, my old schoolboy belief in that world-famous anecdote about the tiny spaniel Diamond and the ruined manuscript calculations. It may be, again, that the oak is never known to be in leaf at the time of year when King Charles the Second is so very erroneously supposed to have hid himself among its branches after the battle of Worcester. Possibly! I won't deny it—yet hide himself among those green oak boughs I am incorrigibly satisfied he did, nevertheless. The particular tree he climbed must have been, I will admit, a phenomenon among its species: burgeoning miraculously at a season unknown before or since to the naturalist, but burgeoning then—I am quite sure of it—luxuriously! Magnificently verdant in foliage, from the cracks in its gnarled and burly trunk up to the minutest skyward twig, and full of shining oak apples as the pride of a Kent orchard is of golden pippins in October. And so, Woodman, Niebuhr! lay your axe of incredulity to any tree but that; administer your poisoned bolus of Fact to any dog but Diamond. Under the shadow of that oak I must still read Boscobel. For the frolics of that mischievous rascal of a spaniel I must still have an eye, as I turn the oracular pages of the *Novum Organum*!

Wherefore, that Pope did go to Will's, when only a little boy of twelve, I am resolutely bent upon believing, down to the very end of the chapter. What though the statement of the child-poet's visit to the old coffee-house rests almost exclusively upon the assertion of Mr. Ruffhead, his biographer? As doubly corroborative of the probable veracity of which assertion howbeit, hath not Sir Charles Wogan written distinctly (in a letter which may be found at page twenty-one of volume eighteen of Sir Walter Scott's edition of the works of Swift): "I had the honr of bringing Mr. Pope from our retreat in the forest of Windsor to dress à la mode, and introduce at Will's Coffee-house?" While Mr. Pope himself no less distinctly

remarks, in his earliest epistle to Mr. Wycherley, "It was certainly a great satisfaction to me to hear you at our first meeting doing justice to our dead friend Mr. Dryden. I was not so happy as to know him: *Virgilium tantum vidi*." Mark the solemn Latin asseveration or averment: "But I have seen Virgil!" It is as explicit as possible—"I was not so happy as to know him: but I have seen him!" After which, I am Mr. Ruffhead's most obedient: placing my hand in his confidingly, even though it be with eyes still closely blindfolded. For, observe, as glorious John died at the ripe age of seventy breathing his last upon Mayday, 1700; glorious Alexander, if he saw him at all (and he says he did, most distinctly and deliberately), must perforce have seen him at the early part of that year, when he (Alexander) was still only in his tender childhood: and further, as our English Virgil was indisputably dying through all the previous March and April, being confined a close prisoner during the whole of those two spring months within the privacy of his house in Gerard Street, it follows that the reputed interview at Will's Coffee House must equally perforce have taken place at the very latest, during the previous February. Scarcely a dozen years therefore have elapsed since the child-beau before us—fastidiously clad à la mode, and tripping eagerly across the threshold of the famous rendezvous—breathed his first breath on the twenty-first of May, 1688, in that dwelling in Lombard Street, where his father then, light of hand and ready of whip, drove a thriving trade as a linen merchant.

After the little red heels and the toy cane, into the old wainscotted public room of the great coffee-house of Covent Garden! A cursory glance is sufficient to take in every detail of the peculiar scene—familiar as his own haunt, to every reader of Captain Steele's *Spectator*. Nothing, however, remains audible in all the hubbub and gossip, nothing visible among all the moving lights and shadows, but what at once fixes the attention of our boy-introducer. Mr. Dryden yonder—sacrooping his chair round upon the bare boarding of the floor so as to have his foot more easily upon the fender, and get altogether at a cosier angle in the time-honored chimney-corner, where for so long he has sat enthroned the master of the gay revels of

conversation. Wiggled and ruffled, brave in velvet and gold-lace as becomes them both in their contrasting characters—I like to think of them thus as they momentarily confront each other, with their keen eyes meeting casually but searchingly: the eyes of the fragile child and of the fast-falling septuagenarian.

STEP THE FIFTH. A.D. 1680.

PERADVENTURE another score of years may have slipped by, and I have probably fixed my staff, at the next stride, upon a jutting-point in 1680, when I find myself still standing by Mr. Dryden's elbow—he has just completed his half-century—listening with him to “our famous Waller”—then but some four years short of eighty—as he chats pleasantly in a cluster of wits, about his own varied literary experiences. A fragment of this sparkling small-talk Mr. Dryden subsequently preserves in his Preface to the Fables, where he relates having overheard Mr. Waller attribute the smoothness of his numbers to the suave and harmonizing influence of the Tasso done into English verse by Mr. Fairfax. While the courtly lyrist is discoursing with a negligent drawl in his tone, I note how vigilantly attention is awakened in at least one listener; I see it on that mobile brow and on those nervous lips, so vividly and instantly impressionable.

STEP THE SIXTH. A.D. 1621.

AN adventurous movement gives me at one bound a new foothold sixty years further back, namely, in 1621: when I am at the elbow, no longer of Waller's listener, but of Waller as a listener. He himself has not lived long enough to wither into greyness and wrinkles. He is, on the contrary, in the fresh bloom of sixteen, jauntily attired, as becomes a courtier, making one in a brilliant gathering of attendants grouped about the dais in the banquetting-chamber of Whitehall. His Majesty Jamie the Sixth of Scotland, James the First of England, according to kingly wont in those days, holds high revel, comparatively in public, in the presence of his lieges. A customary royal dinner this is, in the mere manner of it; but, in the curious converse it elicits, one in many ways really extraordinary. A contest of gibe and repartee faithfully recorded upon our national annals by every subsequent historian. A wit-combat between the anointed clown there,

slobbering over the gold dishes (with the juices of the food he masticates, running in unseemly fashion out of the corners of his ungainly mouth upon his dribbled beard), and sundry of the guests at his regal board, right honorables and right reverends. It is not the babble of king and bishops, however, I am now watchfully observing; it is rather the shrewd listening face of one spare and delicate youth, easily discernible among the bystanders.

The countenance of Waller at sixteen, as Aubrey has described it: with a “fair thin skin; his hair frizzed, of a brownish color; full eye, popping out and working; his face somewhat of an olivaster”—Waller, in short, as he was, before he saw that “sleepy eye” that spoke for him at least, anything but the “melting soul:” the languishing glance of the blond and voluptuous Sacharissa. Not, however, now to the damask cheek of beauty or to the chiming cadence of her silver voice are Waller's senses awakened, as I observe him leaning by the gorgeous buffet of Whitehall. Rather than that, they are fixed meditatively upon the drivelling of the Grotesque yonder, lolling in the state chair and spluttering over the crisp ruff and the jewels of sovereignty—that farcical pedant-king, whose incongruous reign is, as it were, nothing better than a fantastic burlesque between two bloody and affecting tragedies. A laughable interlude played out upon the great stage of history by a low comedian, the very type of the king of extravaganzas: by one whose offspring and successor was nevertheless afterwards to die upon a scaffold outside that very banquet-hall; whose own immediate progenitors were already prematurely slain, the one by the headsman's axe, the other by the hand of the midnight assassin. This gobbling farceur, however, talking perilous nonsense, now in 1621, to two of the lords spiritual of his realm—sire and son, midway between destinies so evil doomed—has no relish whatever taken from the viands upon his platter by the shadowy ghosts of two grimly memories, or by the spectral phantom of one momentary presentiment. Guttling his food with a zest, the King plays the fool according to habit in his accustomed though unconscious capacity as his own jester, what time Mr. Edmund Waller—the down not yet upon his lips—toys with the tassel of his orange doublet and hearkens sagaciously.

STEP THE SEVENTH. A.D. 1566.

IN a twinkling I have strode, at a single pace, forty-five years further onward into the past, and am peering curiously, upon a summer's day of 1566, through a tapestried porch of an ante-room into a sleeping-chamber in what was, even then the time-worn and war-worn Castle of Edinburgh. James Stuart has happily not yet developed from the baby-prince into the full-grown kingly punchinello. He is indeed but newly-born having first opened his eyes to the light on the 19th of June, only a few days previously. The apartment—since screened off into a very cupboard, and displayed thus to wondering sight-seers as the birthplace of the first sovereign of the United Kingdom of England and Scotland—presents to view, as I gaze into it, a domestic group, pathetic in its way, and singularly beautiful. The handsome and youthful ne'er-do-weel, Henry, the Lord Darnley, King (consort) of Scots—sullen and passionate by turns, through all his wayward married life—has unexpectedly come to visit his queen-wife during one brief lucid interval of compunction; apparently intent only upon consoling her under the depressing influence of her recent pangs by this unwonted evidence of tenderness: in reality eager to see with his own eyes and hold within his own arms the offspring of their ill-fated nuptials. A contemporary chronicler tells full sadly the tale of the notable interview with its slight but touching incidents—how Mary, lovelier than ever in her maternal prostration, her delicate complexion flushing as she spoke, swore a great oath as to the child's legitimacy, calling God to witness the truth of her asseveration: her eyes of witchery in a blaze, her fair right hand pointing steadfastly from her couch to Heaven! How Darnley, thrilling to the words then uttered, yearned over the

little infant he held at the moment in his arms, as he sat by the bedside, and bending down, kissed it tenderly upon the forehead.

STEP THE EIGHTH. A.D. 1542.

FOLLOWING a very natural sequence of recollections, I pass, still as from stepping-stone to stepping-stone, across an interval of some four-and-twenty years, from the birthplace of James to that of his young mother, the radiant and unfortunate Queen of Scots; pausing upon the 8th of December, 1542, at the door of another royal bed-chamber; the room in which the thrice-widowed Mary began her woeful life of love in the palace of Linlithgow. Here in truth at last—pausing! For, the date alone without one syllable of illustrative comment, is of itself, indeed, sufficiently suggestive. Suggestive—how suggestive! of the first tender budding of the beautiful passion-flower, sown, so to speak, by a storm-blast between the chinks of a mouldering rampart, stained with the blood and blackened with the thunder of battle.

And that date, has it not brought us (let it be remembered distinctly by no more than an eighth step) to a period removed from the Actual Present by a lapse of more than Three Centuries?

Link by link the chain of memories might be strung together, readily enough, indefinitely onward, from generation to generation: connecting the age of Victoria not less easily with that of Boadicea, than the former is here brought, by eight paces within view of an epoch positively beyond that of Elizabeth.

Enough. I am suddenly recalled from 1542 to this present year of our Lord 1857, as by a jerk, startling me from my meditative recollections. The glass-doors of the Commons have swung-to, and I kick off my Shoes of Swiftmess and subside into mere Wellingtons.

LIGHTS OFFERED AFTER CHILDBIRTH.—Hume, A.D. 1087, speaking of the misunderstanding between William the Conqueror and Philip of France, says:

“William, who was become corpulent, had been detained in bed some time by sickness; upon which Philip expressed his surprise that his brother of England should be so long in being delivered of his big belly. The king sent him word that, as soon as he was up, he would present so many lights at Notre Dame, as would, perhaps, give little pleasure to the King of France; alluding to the usual practice at that time of women after childbirth.”

What practice is here alluded to by the historian?

[It was formerly a general custom for women in England to bear lights when they were churched: a custom which probably originated in the offerings of candles always made on the festival of the Purification, which was commonly called *Candlemas Day* from the lights which were then distributed and carried about in procession. See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, ii. 43. et seq. ed. 1849.]—*Notes and Queries*.

A FLOWER OF A DAY.

OLD friend, that with a pale and pensile grace
Climbest the lush hedgerows, art thou back
again,

Marking the slow round of the wondrous years?
Didst beckon me a moment, silent flower?

Silent? As silent is the archangel's pen,
That day by day records our various lives,
And turns the page—the half-forgotten page
Which all eternity will never blot.

Forgotten? No, we never do forget:
We let the years go; wash them clean with tears,
Leave them to bleach! the sun and open day,
Or lock them careful by, like dead friends'
clothes,

Till we shall dare unfold them without pain;
But we forget not—never can forget.

Flower, thou and I a moment face to face—
My face as clear as thine, this July noon
Shining on both, on bee and butterfly,
And golden beetle creeping in the sun—
Will pause, and lifting up page after page,
The quaint memorial chronicle of life,
Look backward, backward.

* * * So, the volume close!

This July day with God's sun high in heaven,
And the whole earth rejoicing; let it close!

I think we need not sigh, complain, or rave:
Nor blush: our doings and misdoings all
Being more 'gainst Heaven than man, Heaven
doth them keep

With all its doings and undoings strange
Towards us. Let the solemn volume close;
I would not alter in it one poor line.

My dainty flower, my innocent white flower,
With such a pure smile looking up at heaven,
With such a bright smile looking down on me—
(Nothing but smiles! as if in all the world
Were no such things as thunder-storms or rains,
Or broken petals battered on the earth,
Or shivering leaves whirled in the frosty air
Like ghosts of last year's joys)—my pretty
flower,

Open thy breast: not one salt drop shall stain
Its whiteness. If these foolish eyes are full,
'Tis only at the wonder and the peace,
The wisdom and the sweetness of God's world.
—Chambers' Journal.

"WILL SAIL TO-MORROW."

THE good ship lies in the crowded dock
Fair as a statue, firm as a rock,
Her tall masts piercing the still blue air,
Her upright funnel all white and bare—
Whence the long soft line of vapory smoke
'Twixt sky and sea like a vision broke,
Or slowly o'er the horizon curled,
Like a lost hope gone to the other world—
She sails to-morrow—
Sails to-morrow.

Out steps the captain, busy and grave,
With his steady footfall—quick and brave,
His hundred thoughts and his thousand cares,
And his quiet eye that all things dares:
Though a little smile o'er the kind face dawns
On the loving brute that leaps and fawns,

And a little shadow comes and goes
As if heart or memory fled—where, who knows!
He sails to-morrow—
Sails to-morrow.

To-morrow the thronged line of ships
Will quick close after her as she slips
Into the unknown Deep once more;
To-morrow, to-morrow, some on shore
With straining eyes shall desperate yearn—
"This is not parting? Return—return!"
Peace, wild-wrung hands! Hush, quivering
breath!

Love keepeth his own through life and death,
Though she sails to-morrow—
Sails to-morrow!

Sail, stately ship; down Southampton-Water
Gliding fair as old Nereus' daughter,
Christian ship that for freightage bears
Christians, followed by Christian prayers.
God! send angels after her track!
Pitiful God, bring the good ship back!—
All the souls in her forever keep
Thine—living or dying, awake or asleep.
Then, sail to-morrow:
Ship, sail to-morrow!
—Chambers' Journal.

THE PATH THROUGH THE SNOW.

BARE and sunshiny, bright and bleak,
Rounded cold as a dead maid's cheek,
Folded white as a sinner's shroud
Or wandering angel's robe of cloud—

I know, I know,
Over the moor the path through the snow.

Narrow and rough it lies between
Wastes where the wind sweeps, biting keen,
And not a step of the slippery road,
But marks where some weary foot has trod;

Who'll go, who'll go,
After the rest in the path through the snow?

They who would tread it must walk alone,
Silent and steadfast, one by one;
Dearest to dearest can only say:
"My heart! I follow thee all the way,

As we go, as we go,
Each after each in the path through the snow."

It may be under that glittering haze
Lurks the promise of golden days,
That each sentinel tree is quivering
Deep at its core with the blood of spring,

And as we go, as we go,
Green blades are piercing the frozen snow.

It may be the unknown path will tend
Never to any earthly end,
Die with the dying day obscure,
And never lead to a human door,

That none know who did go
Patiently once, on this path through the snow.

No matter—no matter! The path shines plain,
The pure snow-crystals will deaden pain:
Above like stars in the deep blue dark,
Guiding spirits will stand and mark;

Let us go, let us go,
Whither Heaven leads in the path through the
snow!
—Chambers' Journal.

From The Saturday Review.

RELIGIOUS NOVELS IN GERMANY.*

THE didactic novel appears to be the peculiar heritage of this generation. It is a hybrid composition against which a great many objections may be urged; and plenty of literary purists have been found to urge them. Nothing spoils a tale like a moral purpose. As soon as the verisimilitude of the characters and the plot become, not the first, but the second consideration, they necessarily suffer in their truth to nature. It is impossible to make a story point a moral without making the actors in it incarnations of the qualities which the author intends to reprobate or praise. These objections are perfectly true, but they are not the less unfair; and their unfairness lies in treating a didactic novel as if it were a literary performance. It would be just as sensible to measure a Royal speech by a literary standard. The one and the other have an object beyond and above artistic excellence. If a Royal speech makes a favorable impression, or if a novel succeeds in educating the conscience of a single human being, the authors of them may patiently bear the reproach of a literary failure.

Whatever may be, however, the merits of the didactic novel, it is rapidly monopolizing the religious teaching of women of the educated classes. It has no competitor in the field. "Mysteries" are out of date, and "Serious Calls" have ceased to sell; and as for sermons, long years of dullness have taught people to look upon them as only one among the many oppressive forms to which decency requires a civilized being to submit—like admiring your neighbor's children, or leaving cards on the people you detest. The remarkable feature in this new growth of religious literature is that it is by no means confined to England, peculiar as England is in most matters which concern religion. The limits of its territory appear to be, not those of England, but those of Protestantism. It is gaining almost as great a power, and achieving as wide a popularity, in Germany as with us. That it should droop in Roman Catholic climates is scarcely to be wondered at; for the burthen of its teaching is that everybody is to influence his

neighbor for good, and the Roman Church objects to anybody having influence over his neighbor, except the priests, who do not read novels.

The two works that lie before us enjoy a considerable popularity among the young ladies of Germany, and are both highly religious, though in a very different key. The *Diary of a Poor Gentlewoman* is the record of the experiences of a young governess who takes a situation in a noble house. The tale is mainly a tale of the inner life, and therefore the incidents are few and not very new. The young governess quarrels with the lady of the house, who is living with her brother—gains a marvellous influence over everybody else—converts the aunt, the housemaid, the footman, the forester, and the clergyman's wife—and ultimately receives the reward of virtue by marrying the aforesaid brother. It would perhaps be fastidious to complain of the paternal overseership confided to the young lady of eighteen; for it is a catholic tradition among religious novel-writers, that it is the mission of young ladies of eighteen to convert the world in general and their parents in particular. But if the angelic young governess is intended as a pattern for imitation, we doubt the expediency of teaching young ladies that a wealthy marriage is the proper reward of exerting influence for good. We fear that the means will be forgotten in the end, and that the beams of religious influence will, by a strange coincidence, be concentrated on eldest sons. The book, however, is guilty of a fault which is far more serious, because it belongs to an entire religious party. The microscopic self-analysis—the chronicle of temptation, and sin, and penitence—the record of every phase of religious feeling, every devout ecstasy, every fervid aspiration—are so elaborate as to form in effect the substance of the work. This unreserve is bad enough in an isolated case—far worse when it becomes the catchword of a school. Whatever the piety which prompted such effusions, they are apt to lose all that gives them value when put into the printer's hands—their life evaporates too rapidly for them to be hawked about on publishers' book-shelves for what they will bring. Unction is the most offensive form of religious putrefaction; and into unction "experiences" inevitably run as soon as capital can be made out of them whether on the platform or the

* *Tagebuch eines armen Fräuleins.* Halle: Muhlmann.

Bilder und Geschichten aus Schwaben. Von Otilie Wildermuth. Stuttgart: Krabbe. 1867.

the counter. In spite of these defects, however, the book shows many indications of talent which fairly earn the favor with which it has been received. The ease with which character is brought out in the minutest incidents of daily life reminds the English reader of Miss Austen's manner; and the authoress possesses, in a considerable degree, one of the rarest of a novelist's powers—the power of bringing a scene vividly before the eye by a few slight strokes. The religious portion of the book presents a strange medley to an Englishman's eyes. The perplexity with which some light of Exeter Hall would read it would be very much akin to the puzzled helplessness of the Evangelical Alliance when they were called on to worship in the Prussian church, and to offer up prayers of the most irreproachable orthodoxy in front of the idolatrous crucifix and the accursed candles. In the same way the hymns and the prayers with which this book abounds might have been composed by Dr. Cumming himself; but side by side with them appear disturbing celebrations of festivals and saints' days, of Advent and Lent, and even references to a confessor! But there is much in the ecclesiastical condition of Germany which would perplex a London controversialist. What would the litigants on both sides of the great St. Barnabas case have said if they had known that the ritual points for which they were contending with such *acharnement* were, in reality, much more closely akin to the forms of Lutheranism than to those of Rome?

Madame Ottilie Wildermuth is a religionist of a sterner and more practical school. *Swabian Portraits and Tales* are a series of sketches, some of them exquisitely humorous, of the strongly marked manners and customs of the inhabitants of the Valley of the Neckar. Sometimes they are in the form of individual portraits—sometimes they follow the fates of some castle or cloister—sometimes they lengthen into the dimensions of a fully developed story. A few of them belong to the present day; but she dwells with more pleasure on the past, the days of the Thirty-years' War, or the "bag-wig age," or the War of Liberation. Her style is quiet and refined, and she scrupulously avoids artfully constructed plots or exciting incidents; but a constant vein of sarcasm saves the sameness of her story from degenerating

into tediousness, and her pictures are so lifelike that it is impossible not to believe that most of them were drawn from a living model. She is very happy in her hearty descriptions of vintage feasts, and such-like genial festivities—still more so in depicting the absurdities of the stiff old German etiquette. Here is a description of the daily dinner in the office of a *Stadtschreiber*, or town-clerk of the olden time;—

"The best view of the collective *personnel* of the office was to be had at table, where all assembled for dinner at the sound of the bell or the call of the maid-servant, and after a prayer and a hymn for grace, arranged themselves in their appointed rank and order. At the top naturally presided the *Stadtschreiber*, a stately, well-fed figure; on his right the *Frau Stadtschreiberin*, an extremely courteous little woman; and then the guests of the day, of whom the house was seldom empty, followed by the daughters of the family. Then began the row of clerks. First came the Deputy, who was honored with two plates, and even a napkin with a bead-worked ring round it. It was strongly suspected that this last was a present from Miss Caroline, the second daughter, for whose hand he dared to hope, if only Mina, the eldest and plainest of the daughters, could be provided for; for the *Frau Stadtschreiberin* was firmly resolved 'not to cut the oats before the spelt.' Next came the Sub-deputy, who had also two plates, but no napkin; after him the other clerks, who, in default of a title, were addressed by their names; and last of all, on a common kitchen-stool, the Probationer, who had to be always ready to reach anything to anybody. But you might tell the descending scale by the wine bottles with which each place was provided, still better than by the seats. Before the master's place at the top there was nothing but the bright glass. The bottle of *recherche* wine with which he and his guests were served, stood somewhat in the background, so that no one might be able to remark how much the 'Herr Prinzipal' was pleased to take. The Deputy and the Sub-deputy were provided with a bottle of red table wine apiece; and then came a graduated row of still smaller bottles of a paler and more doubtful color, and sharper flavor, till the ranks were closed by the Probationer's half-pint of cider.

"During the meal, seldom did any of the subordinates dare to open their mouths, except to answer when they were spoken to. Only the two deputies carried on a conversation with the master and mistress of the house, concerning the news of the town, or ventured now and then on a joke with the

daughters, or with the guests, who often consisted of young ladies. After soup, meat, and vegetables were removed, the Deputy rose with a full glass: 'Herr Stadtschreiber, I have the honor of drinking your health.' The commanding head answered with a gracious bow: 'I thank you, Mr. Deputy, and wish the same to you.' Then arose the Sub-deputy with a similar speech, and received for answer, 'Thank you, Mr. Sub-deputy.' Like an echo the speech rang from mouth to mouth. The clerks were dispatched with 'Thanks, Herr Beutemüller, Herr Mayer,' and so on. The Probationer, with his cider-glass, got nothing but an 'All right.' Then the whole corps beat a retreat, unless the Deputy was thought worthy of a special invitation to remain."

But notwithstanding her sarcastic tone, it is evident that her leaning is to the customs of bygone times. She would gladly bring back the women of this generation to the wholesomer times when the Hausfrau gave herself up to knitting and sewing, the care of the cows and the pigs, and the oversight of the morals of the housemaids; and when young ladies were content to take the husbands whom their parents chose, without asking any questions about love. And she is merciless in her sarcasms on the "sorrows à la Werther," the "clouded futures," and "blighted lives," which German ladies look on as the necessary pastime of their youths, as well as on the "unions," and "associations," and endless philanthropies which engross their matronly years. The modern discovery of regenerating the world through the medium of Ladies' Committees finds no favor in her eyes. Her contrast between a wife of the olden and a wife of the modern time is one of the most amusing pieces in the book. The modern wife is an excellent woman, but incessantly engaged in associations for the relief of destitute girls, or the education of foundlings, or in collecting money for the liberation of Schleswig Holstein, or hearing lectures on the genius of Sophocles. Of course she never goes near the nursery or the kitchen, and the result is a series of domestic mishaps. Among them are the misdeeds of a governess whom she has engaged to take care of her daughters, and who is remarkable not only for her virtuous sentiments, but also for her poetical and romantic character. The result is disclosed in a conversation between the mother and a daughter of sixteen, which is worth extracting:

"The mother was sitting by the bed of her sick sleeping child, and thinking on many things—but not on associations—when in came Nathalie softly, with her night-light. 'What are you still up, child?' 'Yes, mother,' began Nathalie, much embarrassed. 'I want to ask you something.' 'What is it, child?' 'Mother,' said the girl, anxiously, 'tell me, can it be that I am in love with Ludwig, the apothecary's boy?' 'You, child! cried the horrified mother. 'Indeed,' sobbed the girl, 'Clara says so, and that I can never forget him all my life long. O! mother, is it true; and can I never have any one else? And he is so stupid.' The poor child cried enough to soften a stone. 'But, child,' asked the mother, distracted, 'what makes you think this?' . . . 'Some weeks ago, while I was practising the new Servian melodies, and afterwards while I was changing the water in my flower-pot, Ludwig stood below. "What is that blockhead doing there?" I asked of Clara. Then she looked at me so strangely and deeply—O! I cannot tell you how—and said, "Nathalie, do you not know what silent love is?" "Yes, I know," said I. Then she pointed to where Ludwig stood, and whispered in my ear—

"Und so sass er viele Tage
Viele Jahre lang
Harrend ohne Schmerz und Klage
Bis das Fenster klang."

"And she talked to me like this for many days after. How Ludwig had an unspeakable love for me, and stood for hours long in the cold night to hear the sound of my voice. At last she plagued me to throw him just one flower; and I did that twice. And she left me no peace till I threw him down a lock of my hair—that was his greatest wish. But you know that I do not wear curls, and I would not cut off any of my hair; but I had combed out a good deal, and some of that I once threw down. I have never once spoken with Ludwig. Lately, when I was fast asleep, she came with a light to my bedside; I woke up, and she said with a solemn voice, "Nathalie, thou lovest." "I!" said I. "Whom, then?" "Thou lovest Ludwig, and thou wilt love him to all eternity." I cried at this, and would not believe it, for he did not please me at all; but she proved it to me clearly, and told me that because I had thrown him flowers and a lock of my hair, I belonged to him for all eternity. And it was so horrible! I have been so unhappy all this last week. . . But tell me, mother,' sobbed the child, 'I don't love Ludwig, and I don't belong to him altogether, do I?' 'Of course not, you simpleton! Ludwig is a silly youth, and probably wishes for you as little as you do for him.' 'Yes, yes! that may be,' exclaimed Nathalie, much relieved, and she went com-

forted to bed. . . . Ludwig was examined the next morning and told nearly the same story. Clara had spoken to him in the house and on his lonely botanical rambles, and assured him how much Nathalie loved him, and how she lamented that he never came under the window when she sang. So at last, with great sorrow of heart, he had begun these window parades, and carried home the flowers, 'but not the hair.'

Throughout all her stories, Madame Wildermuth keeps constantly in view the religious aim with which she is evidently writing; but it does not break out into the fervent ecstasies of the *Diary*. She belongs to an older and better school of religious teachers, who are fast being argued out of existence in these days of religious wrangle. Descriptions of

emotion are not put forward as tests of piety—her characters, when they are religious, show it, not in fervor, but in unspiring usefulness. There is a good deal in her *beau ideal* of piety that is characteristic of her nation—it is genial and jovial, and is largely compounded of *Lebenslust* and *Lebensfreude*. It smacks strongly of that fat, unascetic devotion which is eminently Teutonic, and which made Luther so thoroughly a representative man. But it is still more strongly imbued with common-sense, which we are not wont to consider as an eminently German quality, and which, so far as religion is concerned, is becoming rare enough even in England, which is supposed to be its special habitation.

JOHN SOBIESKI AND CHARLES EDWARD STUART.—Who are the "John Sobieski" and "Charles Edward" Stuart, authors of *Lays of the Deer Forest*, published by Blackwood in 1848? What is their history, and what foundations are there for the claims they seem to set up to be the descendants and representatives (?) of the "Chevalier?" Are they, or the "Louisa Sobieska" and the "Charles," to whom the volumes of the "Lays" are respectively dedicated, still living, and where?

[We had always been led to believe that the celebrated inscription on the tomb of Cardinal York in St. Peter's at Rome, announced an historical fact, "HERE LIES THE LAST OF THE STUARTS." But in 1842 a mysterious personage in the Highlands came forward to instruct his less learned countrymen in the mysteries of plaids and badges in a work entitled *Vestiarium Scoticum*, by John Sobieski Stuart.—About thirty years ago, a description of the MS. of this work, with a transcript of a portion of it, was sent to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, with a request that they would patronize its publication; and by their Secretary the specimen was placed in the hands of Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter assured the Society that the style and dialect of the specimen shown him were a most feeble and clumsy imitation of the genuine writing of the period, and indignantly declared his conviction that the MS. itself must be an absolute fabrication. But it was not till the year 1847, that a more bold attempt was made to persuade the world that Charles Edward Stuart had left a legitimate male progeny. This was done in a work entitled *Tales of the Century; or Sketches of the Romance of History between the Years 1746 and 1846*. By John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart. This led a writer in *The Quarterly Review* to investigate the claims of these two brothers to the illustrious pedigree they had concocted, and by exposing their

genealogical fiction, has clearly shown that these modern *Pretenders* are no other individuals than John Hay Allan and Charles Stuart Hay Allan. As the reviewer justly remarks: "Now this is a serious matter. We are far from wishing to curb in any way the fancy of our historical novelists, or to examine too closely the actual existence of every knight or noble whom a writer of that class may present to us as achieving mighty deeds in the train of Philip Augustus or of Pedro the Cruel; but when we are told that a legitimate son of Charles Edward Stuart was alive as late as 1881, and that two of his sons are writing or editing books in 1846, the truth or falsehood of such a statement concerns the history of our own time and country much too nearly to be so lightly disposed of."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxxi. p. 57. See also Burke's *Romance of the Aristocracy*, vol. ii. p. 245.]—*Notes and Queries*.

AMERICAN NOMENCLATURE.—Mr. Shattuck of Boston, Massachusetts, has recently published a volume of curious American names. From this singular and interesting work the following extract is given:

"We once had under our instruction in Detroit a family whose sons were named, One Stickney, Two Stickney, Three Stickney; and whose daughters were named, First Stickney, Second Stickney, and so on. The three children of a family nearer home were Joseph, And, Another; and it has been supposed that should they have any more they might have named them Also, Moreover, Nevertheless, Notwithstanding. An instance is also given of parents who named their child Finis, supposing it would be their last; but having afterwards three more children, a daughter and two sons, they were called Addenda, Appendix, and Supplement."—*Notes and Queries*.

From The Literary Gazette.

Transactions of the Ossianic Society. Vol. III. The Pursuit after Diarmuid O'Duibhne, and Grainne the Daughter of Cormac Mac Airt, King of Ireland in the Third Century. Edited by Standish Hayes O'Grady, Esq. Dublin: John O'Daly.

SIXTY years ago, in the year 1797, the Highland Society of Edinburgh appointed a Committee to inquire into the nature and authenticity of the "Poems of Ossian." Queries were transmitted to every one who, from personal knowledge or opportunities of inquiry, was supposed capable of throwing light on the subject. The result of the investigation was not of a very satisfactory kind. There was no lack of traditionary and vague evidence of the existence of Gaelic poems and ballads, but no authentic manuscripts of ancient date were brought forward. The conclusion was that Macpherson had obtained the stories and the names in his Ossianic poems from oral traditions, while the language, sentiments, and descriptions in the greater part of them were his own. Subsequent researches by Scottish antiquaries were not greatly more successful. The most remarkable literary relic that has yet been brought to light is the Gaelic manuscript commonly called "The Dean of Lismore's Book," now preserved in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, at Edinburgh. The date of this manuscript is of the years 1512-1529. An account of this curious book was given by the Rev. Thomas M'Lauchlan, in Part I. of Vol. II. of the "Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland." It contains a collection of ancient poems, which, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, were still commonly current in the Scottish Highlands. Had this book been known in the days of Dr. Johnson, the great Ossian controversy might have assumed a different aspect. When Macpherson was accused of forging the manuscripts of which his poems were alleged to be translations, he haughtily refused to satisfy any one who doubted his veracity, and never came nearer to the point than asserting that an ancient manuscript of part of Fingal was in possession of some Highland family. David Hume, who was willing to take the national side in the controversy, wrote to Dr. Blair to urge him to seek for evidence which might satisfy English men of letters. "The testimony," he said,

"must be as particular as it is positive. It will not be sufficient that a Highland gentleman or clergyman say or write to you that he has heard such poems; nobody questions that there are traditional poems in that part of the country, where the names of Ossian and Fingal, Oscar and Gaul, are mentioned in every stanza. The only doubt is, whether these poems have any further resemblance to the poem published by Macpherson. I was told by Bourke, a very ingenious, Irish gentleman, the author of a tract on the Sublime and Beautiful, that on the first publication of Macpherson's book, all the Irish cried out, 'We know all these poems; we have always heard them from our infancy;' but when he asked more particular questions he could never learn that any one had ever heard, or could repeat, the original of any one paragraph of the pretended translation." Since these days the Ossianic literature has attracted attention on wider ground than as affecting the credit of Macpherson. It is now admitted on all hands that the poems which formed the substratum of his Ossianic epic had reached Scotland from Ireland, where they were more widely known, and where, if anywhere, the originals were to be found. Gavin Douglas, the old, Scottish poet, alludes thus to the Celtic heroes of legendary renown, among other subjects of romantic fiction:—

"Great Gow MacMorn, and Fin MacCoul, and how
They suld be goddis in Ireland, as men say."

There is little doubt that it was from Ireland that the legends came to Scotland, although at what period cannot now be determined. The similarity of language and manners, and the constant intercourse between the two countries, rendered the transmission of popular pieces of poetry from one nation to the other a simple and common event. Even the lowland poets at the earliest periods of Scottish literature notice these ancient, traditionary legends. Barbour, who wrote in 1375, describes his hero, Robert the Bruce, when defeated by MacDougal of Lorn, placing himself in the rear of his retiring bands, and checking the pursuit of his victors. "Behold him," said MacDougal to one of his chieftains, "he protects his followers against us, as Gaul, the son of Morni, defended his tribe against the rage of Fingal." In Ireland, these tales

of ancient times were universally familiar. As "Bourke," the very ingenious, Irish gentleman, said, "they knew all these poems, and had heard them from their infancy." We now know more of the real history of the Fenian romances than Edmund Burke could have anticipated. Through the labors of zealous Irish antiquaries numerous manuscripts have been collected, in which the exploits of Fionn mac Cumhaill, or Fin Mac-Coul (the Fingal of Macpherson), and many other wonderful events of ancient Irish history, are recorded. It is for the publication of a series of these manuscripts that the Ossianic Society has been formed in Dublin. They have already issued two volumes. The first is a prose and poetical account of the Battle of Gabhra (or Garristown), in Dublin county, fought A.D. 283, between Cairbre Liffeachair, King of Leinster, and the Fenian forces of Ireland, in which the latter were defeated, and their ranks finally broken up. The second volume is an account of the Festivities at the House of Conan of Ceannt Sleibhe, a romantic hill on the borders of the lake of Inchiquin, in the county of Clare. This document contains a colloquy between Fionn and Conan, in which much light is thrown on the ancient topography of Munster, and also on the habits and customs of the Fenian chieftains. The third volume, now published, narrates an event famous in Irish romance, the elopement of Grainne, or Grace, daughter of Cormac Mac Airt, King of Ireland, with Diarmuid O'Duibhne. In many parts of Ireland there are stone remains called by the peasants to this day *Leapthacha Dhiarmada agus Ghrainne*, the beds of Diarmuid and Grainne, traditionally supposed to be the resting-places of that famous couple during their flight and wanderings. In the Book of Lismore there is a short poem on the death of Diarmuid. From the tale of the pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne, we do not wonder at their adventures being popular in the days of the bards and minstrels. The story thus opens:—

"On a certain day that Fionn Mac Cumhaill rose at early morn in Almuin the broad and great of Laighean, and sat upon the grass-green plain without, having neither servant nor attendant by him, there followed him two of his people; that is to say, Oisín the son of Fionn, and Diorruing the son of Dobhar O'Baoisgne. Oisín spoke, and what he said was: 'What is the cause of this early rising

of thine, O Fionn?' quoth he. 'Not without cause have I made this early rising,' said Fionn; 'for I am without a wife, without a mate since Maighneis the daughter of Garadh glundubh mac Moirne died; for he is not wont to have slumber nor sweet sleep who happens to be without a fitting wife, and that is the cause of my earling rising, O Oisín.' 'What forceth thee to be thus?' said Oisín; 'for there is not a wife nor a mate in the green-landed island Erin upon whom thou mightest turn the light of thine eyes or of thy sight, whom we would not bring by fair means or by foul to thee.' And then spoke Diorruing, and what he said was: 'I myself could discover for thee a wife and a mate befitting thee.' 'Who is she?' said Fionn. 'She is Grainne the daughter of Cormac the son of Airt the son of Conn of the hundred battles,' quoth Diorruing, 'that is the woman that is fairest of feature and form and speech of the women of the globe together.' 'By thy hand, O Diorruing,' said Fionn, 'there is strife and variance between Cormac and myself for a long time, and I think it not good nor seemly that he should give me a refusal of marriage; and I had rather that ye should both go to ask the marriage of his daughter for me of Cormac, for I could better bear a refusal of marriage to be given to you than to myself.' 'We will go there,' said Oisín, 'though there be no profit for us there and let no man know of our journey until we come back again.'"

The journey to the King of Erin, whom they found with his army on the plain of Teamhair, the negotiation, the wooing, the flight of the bride with Diarmuid, are most graphically told, and then follows the narrative of the adventures during the pursuit:—

"Diarmuid and Grainne journeyed with the Siona (Shannon) on their right hand westward until they reached Garbh-abha na bh-Fiann, which is called Leamhan now; and Diarmuid killed a salmon on the bank of the Leamhan, and put it on a spit to broil. Then he himself and Grainne went over across the stream to eat it, as Aonghus had told them; and they went thence westward to sleep. Diarmuid and Grainne rose early on the morrow, and journeyed straight westward until they reached the marshy moor of Finnliath, and they met a youth upon the moor; and the feature and form of that youth was good, but he had not fitting arms nor armor. Then Diarmuid greeted that youth, and asked tidings of him. 'I am a young warrior seeking a lord,' quoth he, 'and Muadhan is my name.' 'What wilt thou do for me, O youth?' said Diarmuid. 'I will do thee service by day, and I will watch thee by night,' said Muadhan.

'I tell thee to retain that youth,' said Grainne, 'for thou canst not always remain without people [followers.]" Then they made bonds of compact and agreement one with the other, and journeyed forth westward until they reached the Carrthach; and when they had reached the stream, Muadhan asked Diarmuid and Grainne to go upon his back so that he might bear them across over the stream. 'That were a great burden for thee,' said Grainne. Then he [nevertheless] put Diarmuid and Grainne upon his back, and bare them over across the stream. They journeyed forth westward until they reached the Beith, and when they had reached the stream Muadhan did likewise with them, and they went into a cave of the earth at the side of Currach cinn adhumid, over Tonn Toime; and Muadhan dressed a bed of soft rushes and of birch-tops under [for] Diarmuid and Grainne in the further part of that cave. He himself went into the next wood to him, and plucked in it a straight long rod of a quicken tree; and he put a hair and a hook upon the rod, and put a holly berry upon the hook, and went [and stood] over the stream, and took a fish that cast. He put up the second berry, and killed the second fish; and he put up the third berry, and killed the third fish. He [then] put the hook and the hair under his girdle, and the rod into the earth, and took his three fish with him where Diarmuid and Grainne were, and put the fish upon spits. When it was broiled Muadhan said: 'I give the dividing of this fish to thee, Diarmuid.' 'I had rather that thou shouldst divide it thyself,' said Diarmuid. 'Then,' said Muadhan, 'I give the dividing of this fish to thee, O Grainne.' 'It suffices me that thou divide it,' said Grainne. 'Now hadst thou divided the fish, O Diarmuid,' said Muadhan, 'thou woudest have given the largest share to Grainne; and had it been Grainne that divided it, it is to thee she would have given the largest share; and since it is I that am dividing it, have thou the largest fish, O Diarmuid, and let Grainne have the second largest fish, and let me have the smallest fish.' (Know, O reader, that Diarmuid kept himself from Grainne, and that he left a spit of flesh uncooked in Doire dha, both as a token to Fionn and to the Fenians that he had not sinned with Grainne, and [know also] that he left the second time [i. e. again] seven salmon uncooked upon the bank of the Leamhan, wherefore it was that Fionn hastened eagerly after him.) They ate their meal that night, and Diarmuid and Grainne went to sleep in the further part of the cave, and Muadhan kept watch and ward for them until the day arose with its full light on the morrow."

One of the most extraordinary episodes in the story is where Diarmuid is concealed in the boughs of a mountain ash tree, while his foes, Fionn and Oisín, or Ossian, are playing a game of chess beneath:—

"After they had made this speech Fionn asked for a chess-board to play, and he said to Oisín, 'I would play a game with thee upon this [chess-board].' They sit down at either side of the board; namely, Oisín, and Oscar, and the son of Dobhar O'Baoisgne on one side, and Fionn upon the other side.

"Howbeit they were playing that [game of] chess with skill and exceeding cunning, and Fionn so played the game against Oisín that he had but one move alone [to make] and what Fionn said was: 'One move there is to win thee the game, O Oisín, and I dare all that are by thee to show thee that move.' Then said Diarmuid in the hearing of Grainne: 'I grieve that thou art thus in a strait about a move, O Oisín, and that I am not there to teach thee that move.' 'It is worse for thee that thou art thyself,' said Grainne, 'in the bed of the Searbhan Lochlannach, in the top of the quicken, with the seven battalions of the standing Fenians round about thee intent upon thy destruction, than that Oisín should lack that move.' Then Diarmuid plucked one of the berries, and aimed at the man that should be moved; and Oisín moved that man and turned the game against Fionn in like manner. It was not long before the game was in the same state the second time, [i. e. they began to play again, and Oisín was again worsted], and when Diarmuid beheld that, he struck the second berry upon the man that should be moved; and Oisín moved that man and turned the game against Fionn in like manner. Fionn was carrying the game against Oisín the third time, and Diarmuid struck the third berry upon the man that would give Oisín the game, and the Fenians raised a mighty shout at that game. Fionn spoke, and what he said was: 'I marvel not at thy winning that game, O Oisín, seeing that Oscar is doing his best for thee, and that thou hast [with thee] the zeal of Diormuing, and the skilled knowledge of the son of Lughaidh, and the prompting of the son of O'Duibhne.' 'It is [i. e. shows] great envy in thee, O Fionn,' quoth Oscar, 'to think that Diarmuid O'Duibhne would stay in the top of this tree with thee in wait for him.' 'With which of us is the truth, O son of O'Duibhne,' said Fionn, 'with me or with Oscar?' 'Thou didst never err in thy good judgment, O Fionn,' said Diarmuid, 'and I indeed and Grainne are here in the bed of the Searbhan Lochlannach.' Then Diarmuid caught Grainne, and

gave her three kisses in presence of Fionn and the Fenians. 'It grieves me more that the seven battalions of the standing Fenians and [all] the men of Erin should have witnessed thee the night thou didst take Grainne from Teamhair, seeing that thou wast my guard that night, than that these that are here should witness thee; and thou shalt give thy head for those kisses,' said Fionn.

"Thereupon Fionn arose with the four hundred hirelings that he had on wages and on stipend, with intent to kill Diarmuid; and Fionn put their hands into each others' hands round about that quicken, and warned them on pain [of losing] their heads, and as they would preserve their life, not to let Diarmuid pass out by them."

We must not follow the story, but it is worth here remarking that chess appears as the favorite game in all the old Irish tales. The learned Dr. O'Donovan, in his introduction to "Leabhar na g-Ceart," has given curious information on this subject.

If we are to believe the zealous-Ossianic scholars of the sister islands, there are extant hundreds of genuine and authentic Fenian compositions in prose and verse. Let no one venture to ask, therefore, is there anything to read in Irish? In the libraries of Trinity College, Dublin, of the Royal Irish Academy, of the British Museum, and in the Bodleian, there are some valuable manuscripts, and many are also in the possession of private collectors. About the antiquity of these documents we are not disposed here to raise any controversy. The age of the Dean of Lismore's book is little more than three centuries, but we believe the Irish can show many manuscripts of much older date. However, even had they been of comparatively recent origin in their written form, these tales and poems are undoubtedly of great age as traditionary legends. Mr. O'Grady, the editor of the present volume says, "he has heard a man who never pos-

sessed a manuscript, nor heard of O'Flanagan's publication, relate at the fireside the death of the sons of Uisneach, without omitting one adventure, and in great part retaining the very words of the written versions." Mr. MacLauchlan, of Edinburgh, in his recently published "Celtic Gleanings," states that "last year (1856) one thousand lines of different pieces of Ossianic poetry were taken down from the lips of an old woman, Janet Sutherland, in Caithness, by Mr. James Cumming a student in the New College, Edinburgh." Mr. MacLauchlan adds that "he has a copy of these in his possession, and nothing is more remarkable than their coincidence with the fragments in the Dean of Lismore's MS., taken down three hundred and thirty years before. It affords a complete reply to all the objections urged against the poetry of Ossian, founded on the impossibility of such compositions being handed down for any length of time by mere tradition." We are not disposed to be sceptical, therefore, as to the antiquity of compositions which, though scarcely to be relied on as accurate historical materials, are certainly most interesting as illustrating the customs and manners of ancient Ireland. On this ground alone as well as for their literary value, we hail with satisfaction the labors of the Ossianic Society of Dublin, and wish all success to their scheme of publication. The volumes already issued are well chosen and ably edited, and other works of much interest are in preparation. About five hundred members are already enrolled in the Society, and in case any of our readers wish to join in the undertaking, we may state that the subscription is only five shillings annually, for which will be forwarded the volume published each year by the Society, as stated in their advertisements.

WOODEN ALTARS.—Lempriere, in his account of the Dædala, two festivals held in Bœotia, says:—

"Here an Altar, of square pieces of wood cemented together like stones, was erected; and upon it were thrown large quantities of combustible materials. Afterwards a bull was

sacrificed to Jupiter, and an ox or heifer to Juno, by every one of the Cities of Bœotia, and by the most opulent that attended. The poorest citizens offered small cattle," &c.

This shows that the modern notion, that a sacrifice cannot be offered up on a wooden altar, is quite untenable.—*Notes and Queries.*

FOUR SEASONS.

Parvus Deorum cultor, et infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientiae
Consultus erro; nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
Cogor relictos.—HORACE.

WHEN Life was Spring our wants were small,
The present hour the future scorning—
A stunning partner at a ball,
A place among her thoughts next morning;
No fears had we that she could lose
The varied charms our fancy lent her,
Terpsichore was then our Muse,
And Mr. Thomas Moore our Mentor.

Time passed till, though our wants were few,
Hopes rose, but 'twas not hard to span 'em—
An opera-box, *paille* gloves, a new
Rig out, or ten pounds more per annum;
When deeper aspirations came,
We called in aid—Imagination,
And drew on Fancy for our Fame,
And for our Love—upon Flirtation.

Grown more sagacious, by and by,
The wants and hopes of Life advancing,
We learned to spell Love with an *i*,
And dining took the *pas* of dancing;
We smiled at Fancy; pitied youth;
In Power began Life's aims to centre;
Demurred at Faith; and doubted Truth;
Till self became both Muse and Mentor.

Another Season served to prove
Our false appraisement of Life's treasure,
We found in Trust, and Truth, and Love,
The very corner-stones of Pleasure;
That youth of heart shewed age of head;
That gaining was less sweet than giving;
That we might live, and yet be dead
To all the real joys of living.

Our dreams how shadowy and vain
We've found; and turn back truer hearted,
With humbler quest to seek again
The simple Faith in which we started;
And deeper read in Wisdom's page,
Know now how we have been beguiled, who'd
Suppose the objects that engage
The hopes of youth—the aims of age
Should find their end in second childhood.
—Chambers' Journal. ALFRED WATTS.

SONNET FOR NOVEMBER.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

YET one smile more, departing distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft vapory
air,
Ere o'er the frozen earth the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths
are cast,
And the blue gentian flower, that in the breeze
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.

Yet a few sunny days in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the
way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in thy ray.
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and
darkened air.

IN LOVING THEE.

As shadows fall from linden trees,
Old Madge, with eye of gray,
Through a quaint and gabled mansion,
Now slowly leads the way:
And she murmurs to the lady,
Whose bright hair floweth free,
As soft she opens the dim oak-door:
"He died in loving thee."

The lady's lord hath followed close
Where, redd'ning out the gloom
The sunset fills, with faces pale,
A strange old-pictured room.
"Now, Edith fair, thy wish is thine,
Thy wish once more to see
The dreaming artist-lad's wild home,
Who died in loving thee."

The lady's face grows very pale,
Her blue eyes fill with tears—
She thinks of one now gone before,
The one of olden years:
The haunting Past, like great joys fled,
Which never more may be,
Steals round the heart that echoes sad,
"Who died in loving thee."

On easel rests the canvas still,
The dress of velvet there,
Down where the lad hath often kept
His vigil of despair.
All seems the same, save that the dust
Lies o'er the tracing free—
"Dust!" whispers Madge, "like his great
heart,
Who died in loving thee."

The lady's lord from canvas tears
Its tattered eaten screen,
And soft stands out an angel face,
Caught from some angel-dream.
Around the head a golden light
Is playing full and free—
"Thy face, by him!" my lord hath cried,
"Who died in loving thee."

"O God, my heart!" Old Madge hath caught,
With still and bated breath,
My lady's form—the shade that comes,
She knows is that of death.
"The haunting Past, like great joys fled,
Which never more may be,
Hath broke her heart," sighs pale old Madge;
"She died in loving thee."
—Chambers' Journal. SHADOW.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE REDAN.

THE days dragged on in the camp. Sometimes wearily enough, sometimes enlivened by a party of pleasure to Bajdar, an expedition to the monastery of St. George, a general action at the Tchernaya, a hurdle-race at Kadikoi, or some trifling excitement of the same kind. Already the great heat was beginning to be tempered by the bracing air of autumn, and the army was more than half inclined to speculate on the possibility of another long dreary winter before Sebastopol.

But the time had come at last. The blow so long withheld was to be launched in earnest, and for a day or two before the final and successful assault, men's minds seemed to tell them—they scarce knew why—that a great change was impending, and that every night might now be the last on which the dogged valor of the besieged would man those formidable defences that, under the names of the Malakhoff, the Redan, &c., had for so long occupied the attention of France, England, and indeed the whole of Europe.

I was sitting outside Ropsley's tent, sharing my breakfast of hard biscuit with Bold, at daybreak of a fine September morning. The old dog seemed on this occasion to have renewed his youth, and was so demonstrative and affectionate as to call down a strong reproof from Ropsley, with whom he was never on very friendly terms, for laying his broad paw on the well-brushed uniform of the colonel. "Tie the brute up, Vere," said he, carefully removing the dirt from his threadbare sleeve, "or he will follow us on parade. Are you ready? if so, come along. I would not be late to-day of all days, for a thousand a year."

I remained in its rear, as he completed the inspection of his company. I had never seen the men so brisk or so smartly turned out, and there was an exhilarated yet earnest look on their countenances that denoted their own opinion of the coming day. Ropsley himself was more of the *bon camarade*, and less of the "fine gentleman," than usual. As we marched down to the trenches side by side, he talked freely of old times,—our school days at Everdon, our later meeting at Beverley, and, by a natural transition, turned the subject of conversation to Victor de Rohan, and his sister Valérie. I had never known him allude to the latter of his own accord be-

fore. He seemed to have something on his mind which pride or mistrust, or both, would not permit him to bring out. At last, apparently with a strong effort, he whispered hurriedly,

"Vere, I've a favor to ask you—if I should be *hit* to-day by chance, and badly, you know, I should like you to write and remember me to the De Rohans, and—and—particularly to Countess Valérie. If ever you should see her again, you might tell her so."

I pressed his hand in answer, and I thought his voice was hoarser as he resumed,

"Vere, it is not often I confess myself wrong, but I have wronged you fearfully. If I'm alive to-morrow I'll tell you all; if not, Vere, can you—*can* you forgive me?"

"From my heart," was all I had time to reply, for at that instant up rode the leader of the assault, and Ropsley's voice was calm and measured, his manner cold and cynical as ever, while he answered the short and military catechism usual on such occasions.

"Then it's all right," was the remark of the mounted officer, in as good-humored and jovial a tone as if the affair in hand were a mere question of one of his own Norfolk *battues*; "and what a fine morning we've got for the business," he added, dismounting, and patting his good horse as it was led away, ere he turned round to put himself at the head of the storming party.

I watched him as one watches a man whose experiences of danger have given him a fascination perfectly irresistible to inferior minds. It was the same officer whom I have already mentioned as the latest arrival to disturb the dinner party in the Grotto, but to-day he looked, if possible, more cheerful, and in better spirits than his wont. I thought of his antecedents, as they had often been related to me by one of his oldest friends,—of his unfailing good humor and kindness of disposition—of his popularity in his regiment—of his skill and prowess at all sports and pastimes, with the gloves, the foils, the sharp-rowelled spurs of the hunting-field, or the velvet cap that fails to protect the steeple-chaser from a broken neck—of his wanderings in the desert amongst the Bedouin Arabs, and his cold bivouacs on the *prairie* with the Red Indians—of his lonely ride after the Alma, when, steering by the stars through

a country with which he was totally unacquainted, he arrived at the fleet with the news of the famous flank march to Balaclava—of his daring *sang-froid* when “the thickest of wars’ tempest lowered” at Inkermann, and of the daily dangers and privations of the weary siege, always borne and faced out with the same merry lighthearted smile; and now he was to *lead the assault*.

None but a soldier knows all that is comprised in those three simple words—the coolness, the daring, the lightning glance, the ready resource, the wary tactics, and the headlong gallantry which must all be combined successfully to fill that post of honor; and then to think that the odds are ten to one he never comes back alive!

As I looked at his athletic frame and handsome, manly face, as I returned his cordial off-hand greeting, as courteous to the nameless Interpreter as it would have been to General Pellissier himself, my heart tightened to think of what might—nay, what *must*, surely happen on that fire-swept glacis, unless he bore indeed a life charmed with immunity from shot and steel.

Man by man he inspected the Forlorn Hope,—their arms, their ammunition pouches, their scaling-ladders, all the tackle and paraphernalia of death. For each he had a word of encouragement, a jest, or a smile. Ropsley and his company were to remain in support in the advanced trenches; all was at length reported “ready,” and then came the awful hush that ever ushers in the most desperate deeds—the minutes of pale and breathless suspense, that fly so quickly and yet seem to pass like lead—when the boldest cheek is blanched, and the stoutest heart beats painfully, and the change to action and real peril is felt to be an unspeakable relief to all.

A cold wet nose was poked into my hand. Bold had tracked me from the camp, and had followed me even here; nothing would induce him now to quit my side, for even the dog seemed to think something awful was impending, and watched with red, angry eyes and lowered tail and bristling neck, as if he too had been “told off” for the attack.

A roar of artillery shakes the air; our allies have opened their fire on the Malakhoff, and their columns are swarming like bees to the assault. Battalion after battalion, regiment after regiment, come surging through

the ditch, to break like waves on the sea-shore, as the depressed guns of the enemy hew awful gaps in their ranks—to break indeed but to re-form, and as fresh supports keep pressing them on from the rear, to dash upwards against the earthwork, and to overflow and fling themselves from the parapet in the face of the Russian gunners below.

The Muscovite fights doggedly, and without dream of surrender or retreat. Hand to hand the conflict must be decided with the bayonet, and the little Zouaves shout, and yell, and stab, and press onward, and revel, so to speak, in the wild orgy of battle.

But the Northman is a grim, uncompromising foe, and more than once the “red pantaloons” waver and give back, and rally, and press on again to death. Instances of gallantry and self-devotion are rife amongst the officers. Here, a young captain of infantry flings himself alone upon the bayonets of the enemy, and falls pierced with a hundred wounds; there, an old white-headed colonel, *decoré* up to his chin, draws an ominous revolver, and threatens to shoot any one of his own men through the head that shows the slightest disinclination to rush on. “*Ma foi*,” says he, “*c’est pour encourager les autres!*” The Southern blood boils up under the influence of example, and if French troops are once a little flushed with success, their *elan*, as they call that quality for which we have no corresponding expression, is irresistible. The Russians cannot face the impetuosity of their charge; already many of the guns are spiked, and the gunners bayoneted; the gray-coated columns are yielding ground foot by foot; fresh troops pour in over the parapet, for the living are now able to pass unscathed over the dead, with whom the ditch is filled. The fire of the Russians is slackening, and their yell dies away fainter on the breeze. A French cheer, wild, joyous, and unearthly, fills the air,—it thrills in the ears of Pellissier, sitting immovable on his horse at no great distance from the conflict; his telescope is pressed to his eye, and he is watching eagerly for the well-known signal. And now he sees it! A gleam of fierce joy lights up his features, and as the tricolor of France is run up to the crest of the Malakhoff, he shuts his glass with a snap, dismounts from his horse, and rolling himself round in his cloak, lies down for a few minutes’ repose, and observes, with a zest of which none but a Frenchman

is capable, "*Tenez! voilà mon bâton de Maréchal!*"

His are not the only eyes eagerly watching the progress of the attack, many a veteran of both armies is busied, recalling all his own experiences and all his knowledge of warfare, to calculate the probabilities of their success whose task it is to cross that wide and deadly *glacis* which is swept by the batteries of the Redan.

The men are formed for the assault, and the word is given to advance.

"Now, my lads," says the leader, "keep cool—keep steady—and keep together—we'll do it handsomely when we're about it. Forward!"

It is related of him whom Napoleon called "the bravest of the brave," the famous Ney, that he was the only officer of that day who could preserve his *sang-froid* totally unmoved when standing with his *back* to a heavy fire. Many a gallant fellow facing the enemy would pay no more regard to the missiles whistling about his ears, than to the hail-stones of an April shower; but it was quite a different sensation to *front* his own advancing troops, and never look round at the grim archer whose every shaft might be the last. What the French Marshal, however, piqued himself upon as the acme of personal courage and conduct, our English leader seems to consider a mere matter-of-course in the performance of an every-day duty. Step by step, calm, collected and good-humored, he regulates the movements of the attacking force. Fronting their ranks as if he were on parade, he brings them out of their sheltering defences into the iron storm, now pouring forth its deadly wrath upon that rocky *plateau* which *must* be crossed in defiance of everything.

"Steady, men," he observes once more, as he forms them for the desperate effort; "we'll have them *out of that* in ten minutes. Now, my lads! Forward, and follow me!"

The cocked hat is waving amongst the smoke—the daring colonel is forward under the very guns with a British cheer—the Forlorn Hope dash eagerly on, comrade encouraging comrade, side by side, shoulder to shoulder—hearts throbbing wild and high, and a grip of iron on good "brown Bess." Men live a lifetime in a few such moments. There are two brothers in that doomed band who have not met for years—they quarrelled in their hot youth over their father's grave,

about the quiet orchard and the peaceful homestead that each has since longed so painfully to see once more; and now they have served, with half the globe between them, and each believes the other to have forgotten him, and the orchard and the homestead have passed away from their name forever. They would weep and be friends if they could meet again. There are but four men between them at this moment, and two are down, stark and dead, and two are dragging their mangled bodies slowly to the rear, and the brothers are face to face under the fatal batteries of the Redan.

"Is't thou, my lad?" is all the greeting that passes in that wild moment; but the blackened hands meet with a convulsive clasp, and they are brothers once more, as when, long ago, they hid their sturdy little faces in their mother's gown. Thank God for that! In another minute it would have been too late, for Bill is down, shot through the lungs, his white belts limp and crimson with blood; and John, with a tear in his eye, and something betwixt an oath and a prayer upon his lips, is rushing madly on, for the cocked hat is still waving forward amongst the smoke, and the colonel is still cheering them after him into the jaws of death.

But soldiers, even British soldiers, are but men, and the fire grows so deadly that the attacking force cannot but be checked in its headlong charge. The line breaks—wavers—gives way—the awful *glacis* is strewn with dead and dying—groans and curses, and shrieks for "*water! water!*" mingle painfully with the wild cheers, and the trampling feet, and the thunder of the guns; but volumes of smoke, curling low and white over the ground, veil half the horrors of that ghastly scene; yet through the smoke can be discerned some three or four figures under the very parapet of the Redan, and the cocked hat and square frame of the colonel are conspicuous amongst the group.

It must have been a strange sight for the few actors that reached it alive. A handful of men, an officer or two, a retreating enemy, a place half taken, and an eager longing for reinforcements to complete the victory.

An aide-de-camp is dispatched to the rear, he starts upon his mission to traverse that long three hundred yards, swept by a deadly cross-fire, that blackens and scorches the very turf beneath his feet. Down he goes

headlong, shot through the body ere he has "run the gauntlet" for a third of the way. Another, and another share the same fate! What is to be done? The case is urgent, yet doubtful; it demands promptitude, yet requires consideration. Our colonel is a man who never hesitates or wavers for an instant. He calls up a young officer of the Line, one of the few survivors on the spot; even as he addresses him, the rifleman on his right lurches heavily against him, shot through the loins, and a red-coated comrade on his left falls dead at his feet, and the colonel is, if possible, cooler and more colloquial than ever.

"What's your name, my young friend?" says he, shaking the ashes from a short black pipe, with which he has been refreshing himself at intervals with much apparent zest. The officer replies, somewhat astonished, yet cool and composed as his commander. The colonel repeats it twice over, to make sure he has got it right, glances once more at the enemy, then looking his new acquaintance steadily in the face, observes—

"Do I seem to be in a *funk*, young man?"

"No," replies the young officer, determined not to be outdone, "not the least bit of one, any more than myself."

The colonel laughs heartily. "Very well," says he; "now, if I'm shot, I trust you to do me justice. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I must communicate with my supports. Every aide-de-camp I send gets knocked over. I'm no use here alone—I can't take the Redan single-handed—so I'm going back myself. It's only three hundred yards, but I can't run quite so fast as I used, so if I'm killed, I shall expect you to bear witness that I didn't go voluntarily into that cross-fire because *I was afraid*."

The young officer promised, and the colonel started on his perilous errand. On the success of his mission or the tactics of that attack it is not my province to enlarge. Amongst all the conflicting opinions of the public, there is but one as to the daring gallantry and cool promptitude displayed on that memorable day by the leader of the assault.

Every man, however, moves in his own little world, even at the taking of Sebastopol. It was not for a nameless stranger, holding no rank in the service, to run into needless danger, and I was merely in the trenches as a looker-on, therefore did I keep sedulously

under cover and out of fire. It is only the novice who exposes himself unnecessarily, and I had served too long with Omar Pasha not to appreciate the difference between the cool calculating daring that willingly accepts a certain risk to attain a certain object, and the vain-glorious foolhardiness that runs its head blindly against a wall for the mere display of its own intrinsic absurdity.

That great general himself was never known to expose his life unnecessarily. He would direct the manoeuvres of his regiments, and display the tactics for which he was so superior, at a safe distance from the fire of an enemy, as long as he believed himself sufficiently near to watch every movement, and to anticipate every stratagem of the adversary; but if it was advisable to encourage his own troops with his presence, to head a charge, or rally a repulse, who so daring and so reckless as the fortunate, Croatian adventurer?

And yet, with all my care and all my self-denial—for indeed on occasions such as these, curiosity is a powerful motive, and there is a strange instinct in man's wilful heart that urges him into a fray—I had a narrow escape of my own life and lost my oldest friend and comrade during the progress of the attack.

I was gazing eagerly through my double glasses—the very same that had often done me good service in such different scenes—to watch the forms of those devoted heroes who were staggering and falling in the smoke, when a stray shell, bursting in the trench behind me, blew my forage-cap from my head, and sent it spinning over the parapet on to the *glacis* beyond. Involuntarily I stretched my hand to catch at it as it flew away, and Bold, who had been crouching quietly at my heel, seeing the motion, started off in pursuit. Ere I could check him, the old dog was over the embankment, and in less than a minute returned to my side with the cap in his mouth. The men laughed, and cheered him as he laid it at my feet.

Poor Bold! poor Bold! he waved his handsome tail, and reared his great square head as proudly as ever: but there was a wistful expression in his eye as he looked up in my face, and when I patted him the old dog winced and moaned as if in pain. He lay down, though quite gently, at my feet, and let me turn him over and examine him. I thought so—there it was, the small, round

mark in his glossy coat, and the dark stain down his thick foreleg—my poor old friend and comrade, must I lose you too? Is every thing to be taken from me by degrees? My eyes were blinded with tears—the rough soldiers felt for me, and spared my favorite some water from their canteens; but he growled when any one offered to touch him but myself, and he died licking my hand.

Even in the turmoil and confusion of that

wild scene I could mourn for Bold. He was the one link with my peaceful boyhood, the one creature that she and I had both loved and fondled—and now *she* was lost to me for ever, and Bold lay dead at my feet. Besides, I was fond of him for his own sake—so faithful, so true, so attached, so brave and devoted—in truth, I was very, very sorry for poor Bold.

CHAPTER XL.—THE WAR MINISTER AT HOME.

EXCEPT at the crisis of great convulsions, when the man with the bayonet is the only individual that clearly knows what he has got to do and how to do it, the soldier is but the puppet upon the stage, while the diplomatist pulls the strings from behind the scenes. Before Sebastopol the armies of England, France, and Sardinia, keep watch and ward, ever ready for action; at Vienna, the spruce *attaché* deciphers and makes his *précis* of those despatches which decide the soldier's fate. Is it to be peace or war? Has Russia entered into a league with the Austrian Government, or is the Kaiser, in his youthful enthusiasm, eager for an appeal to arms, and, forgetful of his defenceless capital, not thirty leagues from the Polish frontier, and innocent of a single fortified place between its walls and the enemy, prepared to join heart and hand with France and England against the common foe? These are questions every body asks, but nobody seems able to answer. On the Bourse they cause a deal of gambling, and a considerable fluctuation in the value of the florin as computed with reference to English gold. Minor capitalists rise and fall, and Rothschild keeps on adding heap to heap. Money makes money, in Austria as in England; nor are those moustached and spectacled merchants smoking cigars on the Bourse one whit less eager or less rapacious than our own smooth speculators on the Stock Exchange. The crowd is a little more motley, perhaps, and a little more demonstrative, but the object is the same.

"And what news have you here this morning, my dear sir?" observes a quiet-looking, well-dressed bystander who has just strolled in, to a plethoric individual, with a double chin, a double eye-glass, and a red umbrella, who is making voluminous entries in a huge pocket-book. The plethoric man bows to

the ground, and becomes exceedingly purple in the face.

"None, honorable sir, none," he replies with a circular sweep of his hat that touches his toes; "the market is flat, honorable sir, flat, and money, if possible, scarcer than usual."

Whereat the stout man laughs, but breaks off abruptly, as if much alarmed at the liberty he has taken. The well-dressed gentleman turns to some one else with the same inquiry, and receiving a less cautious answer, glances at his fat friend, who pales visibly under his eye. They are all afraid of him here, for he is no other than our old acquaintance, Monsieur Stein, clean, quiet, and undemonstrative as when we saw him last in the drawing-room at Edeldorf. Let us follow him as he walks out and glides gently along the street in his dark, civil attire, relieved only by a bit of ribbon at the button-hole.

All great men have their weaknesses. Hercules, resting from his labors, spun yarns with Omphale; Antony combined fishing and flirtation; Porson, loved pale ale, and refreshed himself copiously therewith; and shall not Monsieur Stein, whose Protean genius can assume the characters of all these heroes, display his taste for the fine arts in so picturesque a capital as his own native Vienna? He stops accordingly at a huge stone basin ornamenting one of its squares, and, producing his note-book, proceeds to sketch with masterly touches the magnificent back and limbs of that bronze Triton preparing to launch his harpoon into the depths below. Sly Monsieur Stein! is it thus you spread your nets for the captivation of unwary damsels, and are you always rewarded by so ready a prey as that well-dressed *soubrette* who is peeping on tiptoe over your shoulder, and expressing her artless admira-

tion of your talent in the superlative exclamations of her Teutonic idioms?

"Pardon me, honorable sir, that I so bold am, as so to overlook your wondrously-beautiful design, permit me to see it a little nearer. I thank you, love-worthy sir."

Monsieur Stein is too thoroughly Austrian not to be the pink of politeness. He doffs his hat, and hands her the note-book with a bow. As she returns it to him an open letter peeps between the leaves, and they part and march off on their several ways with many expressions of gratitude and politeness, such as two utter strangers make use of at the termination of a chance acquaintance-ship; yet is the *soubrette* strangely like Jeannette, Princesse Vocqsal's *femme de chambre*; and the letter which Monsieur Stein reads so attentively as he paces along the sunny side of the street, is certainly addressed to that lady in characters bearing a strong resemblance to the handwriting of Victor, Count de Rohan.

Monsieur Stein pockets the epistle. It might be a receipt for *sour-kROUT* for all the effect its perusal has on his impassible features, and proceeds still at his equable, leisurely pace, to the residence of the War-Minister.

While he mounts the steps to the second floor, on which are situated the apartments of that functionary, and combs out his smooth moustaches, waiting the convenience of the porter who answers the bell, let us take a peep inside.

The War-Minister is at his wit's end. His morning has been a sadly troubled one, for he has been auditing accounts, to which pursuit he cherishes a strong disinclination, and he has received a letter from the Minister of the Interior, conveying contradictory orders from the Emperor, of which he cannot make head or tail. Besides this, he has private annoyances of his own. His intendant has failed to send him the usual supplies from his estates in Galicia; he is in debt to his tailor and his coach-maker, but he must have new liveries and an English carriage against the next Court ball; his favorite charger is lame, and he does not care to trust himself on any of his other horses; and, above all, he has sustained an hour's lecture this very morning when drinking coffee in his dressing-gown from Madame la Baronne, his austere and excellent spouse, commenting in severe terms

on his backslidings and general conduct, the shortcomings of which, as that virtuous dame affirms, have not failed to elicit the censure of the young Emperor himself. So the War-Minister has drunk three large tumblers of *schwartz-bier*, and smoked as many cigars stuck up on end in the bowl of a *meerschau* pipe, the combined effects of which have failed to simplify the accounts, or to reconcile the contradictory instructions of the Court.

He is a large, fine-looking man, considerably above six feet in height. His grey-blue uniform is buttoned tightly over a capacious chest, covered with orders, clasps, and medals; his blue eyes and florid complexion denote health and good-humor, not out of keeping with the snowy moustaches and hair of some threescore winters. He looks completely puzzled, and is bestowing an uneasy sort of attention, for which he feels he must ere long be taken to task, upon a very charming and well-dressed visitor of the other sex, no less a person, indeed, than that "*odious intrigante*," as Madame la Baronne calls her, the Princesse Vocqsal.

She is as much at home here in the War-Minister's apartments as in her own drawing-room. She never loses her *aplomb* or her presence of mind. If his wife were to walk in this minute she would greet her with amiable cordiality; and, to do *Madame la Baronne* justice, though she abuses the Princess in all societies, her greeting would be returned with the warmth and kindness universally displayed to each other by women who hate to the death. Till she has got her antagonist *down*, the female fencer never takes the button off her foil.

"You are always so amiable and good-humored, my dear Baron," says the Princess, throwing back her veil with a turn of her snowy wrist, not lost upon the old soldier, "that you will, I am sure, not keep us in suspense. The Prince wishes his nephew to serve the Emperor; he is but a boy yet. Will he be tall enough for the cavalry? A fine man looks so well on horseback!"

The Baron was justly proud of his person. This little compliment and the glance that accompanied it were not thrown away. He looked pleased, then remembered his wife, and looked sheepish, then smoothed his moustache, and inquired the age of the candidate.

"Seventeen next birthday," replied the

Princess. "If it were not for this horrid war we should send him to travel a little. Do you think the war will last, Monsieur le Baron?" added she, naively.

"You must ask the Foreign Minister about that," replied he, completely thrown off his guard by her innocence. "We are only soldiers here, we do not pull the strings, Madame. We do what we are told, and serve the Emperor and the ladies," he added, with a low bow and a leer.

"Then will you put him into the Cuirassiers immediately, Monsieur?" said the Princess, with her sweetest smile; "we wish no time to be lost—now *do*, to please *me*."

The Baron was rather in a dilemma; like all men in office, he hated to bind himself by a promise, but how to refuse that charming woman anything?—at last he stammered out—"wait a little, madame, wait, and I will do what I can for you; it is impossible just now, for we are going to reduce the army by sixty thousand men."

While he spoke, Monsieur Stein was announced, and the Princess rose to take her leave; she had got all she wanted now, and did not care to face a thousand Baronesses. As she went down-stairs, she passed Monsieur Stein without the slightest mark of recognition, and he, too, looked admiringly after her as if he had never seen her before. The Baron, by this time pining for more *schwartz-bier*, and another cigar, devoutly hoped his new visitor, with whose person and profession he was familiar, would not stay long; and the Princess, as she tripped past the *Huissier* at the entrance, muttered, "sixty thousand men—then it *will* be peace; I thought so all along. My poor Baron! what a soft old creature you are! Well, I have tried everything now, and this speculating is the strongest excitement of all, even better than making Victor jealous!" but she sighed as she said it, and ordered her coachman to drive on at once to her stock-broker.

The presence of Monsieur Stein did not serve to re-establish either the clear-headedness or the good-humor of the War-Minister. The ostensible errand on which he came was merely to obtain some trifling military information concerning the garrison at Pesth, without which the co-operation of the police would not have been so effectual in annoying still further the already exasperated Hungarians; but in the course of conversation, Monsieur Stein subjected the Baron to a pro-

cess familiarly called "sucking the brains," with such skill that, ere the door was closed on his unwelcome visitor, the soldier felt he had placed himself—as indeed was intended—completely in the power of the police-agent. All his sins of omission, and commission, his neglect of certain contracts, and his issuing of certain orders; his unpardonable lenity at his last tour of inspection, his unlucky expression of opinions at direct variance with those of his young Imperial master;—all these failures and offences he felt were now registered in letters never to be effaced—on the records of Monsieur Stein's secret report; and what was more provoking still, was to think that he had, somehow or another, been insensibly led on to plead guilty to half-a-dozen derelictions, which he felt he might as consistently have denied.

As he sat bolt-upright in his huge leathern chair, and turned once more to "sublime tobacco" for consolation and refreshment, his thoughts floated back to the merry days when he was young and slim, and had no cares beyond his squadron of Uhlans, no thought for the morrow but the parade and the ball. "Ah!" sighed the Baron to himself as he knocked the ash off his cigar with a ringed fore-finger, "I would I were a youngling again; the troop-accounts were easily kept, the society of my comrades was pleasanter than the Court. One never meets with such beer now as we had at Debreczin; and oh! those Hungarian ladies, how delightful it was to waltz before one grew fat, and flirt before one grew sage. I might have visited the charming Princess then, and no one would have found fault with me; no one would have objected—Heigh-ho! there was no *Madame la Baronne* in those days—now it is so different. *Sapperment!* Here she come!"

Though the Baron was upwards of six feet, and broad in proportion—though he had distinguished himself more than once before the enemy, and was covered with orders of merit and decorations for bravery—nay, though he was the actual head of the six hundred thousand heroes who constituted the Austrian army, he quailed before that little shrivelled old woman, with her mouth full of black teeth, and her hair dressed à l'*Impératrice*.

We profane not the mysteries of Hymen—"Caudle" is a name of no exclusive nationality. We leave the Baron, not without a shudder, to the salutary discipline of his excellent monitress.

WE must follow Monsieur Stein, for that worthy has got something to do; nay, he generally has his hands full, and cannot, indeed, be accused of eating the bread of idleness. It is a strange system of government, that of the Austrian empire; and is, we believe, found to answer as badly as might be expected from its organization. The State takes so paternal an interest in the sayings and doings of its children, as to judge it expedient to support a whole staff of officials, whose sole duty it is to keep the Government informed respecting the habits, actions, every-day life, and secret thoughts and opinions of the general public. Nor do these myrmidons, whose number exceeds belief, and who add seriously to the national expenditure, fail to earn their pay with praiseworthy diligence. In all societies, in all places of pleasure or business, where half-a-dozen people may chance to congregate, there will be an agent of police, always in plain clothes, and generally the least conspicuous person in the throng. The members of this corps are, as may be supposed, chosen for their general intelligence and aptitude, are usually well-informed, agreeable men, likely to lead strangers into conversation, and excellent linguists. As an instance of their ubiquity, I may mention an incident that occurred within my own knowledge to an officer in the British service, when at Vienna, during the war. That officer was dining in the *salon* of an hotel, and there were present besides his own party, consisting of Englishmen, and one Hungarian much disaffected to the Government, only two other strangers, sitting quite at the further extremity of the room, and apparently out of ear-shot. The conversation at my friend's table was, moreover, carried on in English, and turned upon the arrest of a certain Colonel Türr, by the Austrian authorities at Bucharest, a few days previously.

This Colonel Türr, be it known, was a Hungarian who had deserted from the Austrian service, and entering that of her Majesty Queen Victoria, had been employed in some commissariat capacity in Wallachia, and taken prisoner at Bucharest by the very regiment to which he had previously belonged. The question was much vexed and agitated at the time, as to the Austrian right over a deserter

on a neutral soil, and Colonel Türr became for the nonce an unconscious hero. The officer to whom I have alluded, having listened attentively to the *pros* and *cons* of the case, as set forth by his friends, dismissed the subject with military brevity in these words: "If you say he deserted his regiment before an enemy, I don't care what countryman he is, or in whose service, *the sooner they hang him the better!*" This ill-advised remark, be it observed, was made *sotto voce*, and in his own language. His surprise may be imagined when, on perusing the Government papers the following morning, he read the whole conversation translated into magniloquent German, and detailed at length as being the expressed opinion of the British army and the British public on the case of Colonel Türr.

I am happy to be able to observe *en passant*, that the latter gentleman was not hanged at all, but escaped, after a deal of diplomatic correspondence, with a six weeks' imprisonment in the fortress of Comorn, and has since been seen taking his pleasure in London and elsewhere.

To return to Monsieur Stein. It is evening, and those who have permission from the police to give a party, have lighted their lamps and prepared their saloons for those receptions in which the well-bred of all nations, and particularly the ladies, take so incomprehensible a delight. At Vienna, every house must be closed at ten o'clock; and those who wish to give balls or evening parties must obtain a direct permission to do so, emanating from the Emperor himself. So when they *do* go out, they make the most of it, and seem to enjoy the pleasure with an additional zest for the prohibition to which it is subject.

Let us follow Monsieur Stein into that brilliantly-lighted room, through which he edges his way so unobtrusively, and where, amongst rustling toilettes, crisp and fresh from the dress-maker, and various uniforms on the fine persons of the Austrian aristocracy, his own modest attire passes unobserved. This is no *bourgeois* gathering, no assemblage of the middle rank, tainted by mercantile enterprise, or disgraced by talent, which presumes to rise superior to *blood*. No such thing; they are all the "*haute volée*," here,

the "*crème de la crème*," as they themselves call it in their bad French and their conventional jargon. Probably Monsieur Stein is the only man in the room that cannot count at least sixteen quarterings,—no such easy matter to many a member of our own House of Peers; and truth to tell, the Austrian aristocracy are a personable fine-looking race as you shall wish to see. Even the eye of our imperturbable police-agent lights up with a ray of what in any other eye would be admiration, at the scene which presents itself as he enters. The rooms are spacious, lofty, and magnificently furnished in the massive, costly style that accords so well with visitors in full dress. The floors are beautifully inlaid and polished; as bright, and nearly as slippery, as ice. The walls are covered with the *chef-d'œuvres* of the old masters; and even the dome-like ceilings are decorated with mythological frescoes, such as would convert an enthusiast to paganism at once. Long mirrors fill up the interstices between the panellings, and reflect many a stalwart gallant, and many a "lady bright and fair." There is no dancing, it is merely a "reception;" and amongst the throng of beauties congregated in that assembly, impassable Monsieur Stein cannot but admit that the most captivating of them all is Princesse Vocqsal.

So thinks the War-Minister, who, forgetful of accounts and responsibilities, regardless even of the threatening glances darted at him from the other end of the room by his excellent wife, is leaning over the back of the Princess' seat, and whispering in broad Viennese German, a variety of those soft platitudes which gentlemen of threescore are apt to fancy will do them as good service at that age as they did thirty years ago. The Baron is painfully agreeable, and she is listening, with a sweet smile and a pleasant expression of countenance, assumed for very sufficient reasons. In the first place, she owes him a good turn for the information acquired this morning, and the Princess always pays her debts when it costs her nothing; in the second, she wishes, for motives of her own, to strengthen her influence with the Court-party as much as possible; and lastly, she enjoys by this means the innocent pleasure of making two people unhappy—viz., *Madame la Baronne*, who is fool enough to be jealous of her fat old husband; and one other watch-

ing her from the doorway with a pale, eager face, and an expression of restless, gnawing anxiety which it is painful to behold.

Victor de Rohan, what are you doing here like a moth fluttering round a candle? wasting your time and breaking your heart for a woman that is not worth one throb of its generous life-blood; that cannot appreciate your devotion, or even spare your feelings? Why are you not at Edeldorf, where you have left *her* sad and lonely, one tear on whose eyelash is worth a thousand of the false smiles so freely dealt by that heartless, artificial, worn woman of the world? For shame, Victor! for shame! And yet, as our friend the Turk says, "*Kismet!*" It is destiny!"

He is dressed in a gorgeous Hussar uniform, his own national costume, and right well does its close fit and appropriate splendor become the stately beauty of the young Count de Rohan. At his side hangs the very sword that flashed so keenly by the waters of the Danube, forward in the headlong charge of old Iskender Bey. On its blade is engraved the Princess' name; she knows it as well as he does, yet ten to one she will pretend to forget all about it should he allude to the subject to-night. Ah! the blade is as bright as it was in those merry campaigning days, but Victor's face has lost forever the light-some expression of youth: the lines of passion and self-reproach are stamped upon his brow, and hollowed round his lip, and he has passed at one stride from boyhood to middle age.

He makes a forced movement, as though to speak to her, but his button is held by a jocose old gentleman, whose raptures must find vent on the engrossing topic of Marie Taglioni's graceful activity; and he has to weather the whole person and draperies of a voluminous German dowager ere he can escape from his tormentor. In the meantime, Monsieur Stein has been presented to the Princess, and she allows him to lead her into the tea-room, for a cup of that convenient beverage which Continental nations persist in considering as possessed of medicinal virtue.

"I have the unhappiness to have escaped Madame's recollection," observed the police agent, as he placed a chair for the Princess in a corner secure from interruption, and handed her cup; "it is now my good fortune to be able to restore something that she has

lost," and he looked at her with those keen grey eyes, as though to read her very soul, while he gave her the letter which had been placed in his pocket-book by faithless Jeanette. "If she cares for him," thought Monsieur Stein, she will surely show it now, and I need take no further trouble with her. If not, she is the very woman I want, for the fool is madly in love with her, and upon my word it is not surprising!"

Monsieur Stein looked at women with hypercritical fastidiousness, but as he himself boasted, at the same time, quite "*en philosophe*."

The Princess, however, was a match for the police agent; she never winced, or moved a muscle of her beautiful countenance. With a polite "Excuse me," she read the letter through from beginning to end, and turning quietly round, inquired, "How came you by this, Monsieur?"

Unless it leads to a *revoke*, a lie counts for nothing with a police agent, so he answered at once, "Sent to my *bureau* from the office, in consequence of an informality in the post-mark."

"You have read it?" pursued the Princess, still calm and unmoved.

"On my honor, no!" answered he, with his hand on his heart, and a low bow.

She would have made the better spy of the two, for she could read even his impassible face, and she knew as well as he did himself that he had, so she quietly returned him the letter, of which she judged, and rightly, that he had kept a copy; and laying her gloved hand on his sleeve, observed, with an air of bewitching candor—"After that affair at Comorn, you and I can have no secrets from each other, Monsieur. Tell me frankly what it is that your employers require, and the price they are willing to pay for my co-operation."

She could not resist the temptation of trying her powers, even on Monsieur Stein; and he, although a police agent, was obliged to succumb to that low, sweet voice, and the pleading glance by which it was accompanied. A little less calmly than was his wont, and with almost a flush upon his brow, he began—

"You are still desirous of that appointment we spoke of yesterday for the Prince?"

"*Ma foi*, I am," she answered with a merry smile; "without it we shall be ruined, for we are indeed overwhelmed with debt."

"You also wish for the earliest intelligence possessed by the Government as to the issues of peace and war?"

"Of course I do, my dear Monsieur Stein; how else can I speculate to advantage?"

"And you would have the attainer taken off your cousin's estates in the Banat in your favor?"

The Princess' eyes glistened, and a deep flush overspread her face. This was more than she had ever dared to hope for. This would raise her to affluence, nay, to splendor, once again. No price would be too great to pay for this end, and she told Monsieur Stein so, although she kept down her raptures and stilled her beating heart the while.

"All this, Princess, I can obtain for you," said he; "all this has been promised me, and I have got it in writing. In less than a month the Government will have redeemed its pledge, and in return you shall do us one little favor."

"*C'est un trahison n'est ce pas?*" she asked quickly, but without any appearance of shame or anger; "I know it by the price you offer. Well, I am not scrupulous—say on."

"Scarcely that," he replied, evidently emboldened by her coolness; "only a slight exertion of feminine influence, of which no woman on earth has so much at command as yourself. Listen, Princess; in three words I will tell you all. Count de Rohan loves you passionately—madly. You know it yourself;—forgive my freedom; between you and me there must be no secrets. You can do what you will with him."—(He did not see her blush, for she had turned away to put down her cup.)—"He will refuse you nothing. This is your task:—there is another conspiracy hatching against the Government; its plot is not yet ripe, but it numbers in its ranks some of the first men in Hungary. Your compatriots are very stanch; even I can get no certain information. Several of the disaffected are yet unknown to me. Young Count de Rohan has a list of their names; that list I trust to you to obtain. Say, Princess, is it a bargain?"

She was fitting her glove accurately to her taper fingers.

"And the man that you were good enough to say adores me so devotedly, Monsieur," she observed, without lifting her eyes to his face; "what will you do with him? shoot him as you did his cousin in 1848?"

"He shall have a free pardon," replied the police-agent, "and permission to reside on his lands. He is not anxious to leave the vicinity of the Waldenberg, I believe," he added, mischievously.

"*Soit*," responded the Princess, as she rose to put an end to the interview. "Now, if you will hand me my *bouquet* we will go into the other room."

As he bowed and left her, Monsieur Stein felt a certain uncomfortable misgiving that he had been guilty of some oversight in his game. In vain he played it all again in his own head, move for move, and check for check; he could not detect where the fault lay, and yet his fine instinct told him that somewhere or another he had made a mistake. "It is all that woman's impassible face," he concluded at last, in his mental soliloquy, "that forbids me to retrieve a blunder or detect an advantage. And what a beautiful face it is!" he added, almost aloud, as for an instant the official was absorbed in the man.

In the mean time, Victor was getting very restless, very uncomfortable, and, not to mince matters, very cross.

No sooner had the Princess returned to the large *salon* than he stalked across the room, twirling his moustaches with an air of unconcealed annoyance, and asked her abruptly, "How she came to know that ill-looking Monsieur Stein, and why he had been flirting with her for the last half-hour in the tea-room?"

"That gentleman in plain clothes?" answered she, with an air of utter unconscious and perfect good-humor, "that is one of my ancient friends, Monsieur le Comte; shall I present him to you?"

This was another refined method of tormenting her lovers. The Princess had one answer to all jealous inquiries as to those whom she favored with her notice—" *Un de mes anciens amis*," was a vague and general description, calculated to give no very definite or satisfactory information to a rival.

"Have a care, Madame," whispered Victor, angrily; "you will make some of your ancient friends into your deadliest enemies if you try them so far."

She looked lovingly up at him, and he softened at once.

"Now it is *you* that are unkind, Victor," she said, in a low soft voice, every tone of which thrilled to the young Count's heart.

"Why will you persist in quarrelling with me? I, who came here this very evening to see you and to do you a kindness?"

"Did you know I should be in Vienna so soon?" he exclaimed eagerly. "Did you receive my letter?"

"I did, indeed," she replied, with a covert smile, as she thought of the mode in which that missive had reached her, and she almost laughed outright (for the Princess had a keen sense of the ludicrous) at the strange impersonation made by Monsieur Stein of Cupid's postman; "but Victor," she added, with another beaming look, "I go away to-morrow. Very early in the morning. I must leave Vienna."

He turned paler than before, and bit his lip. "So I might as well have stayed at home," he exclaimed in a voice of bitter annoyance and pique, none the less bitter that it had to be toned down to the concert pitch of good society. "Was it to see you for five minutes here in a crowd that I travelled up so eagerly and in such haste? To make my bow, I suppose, like the merest acquaintance, and receive my *congé*. Pardon, Madame la Princesse, I need not receive it twice. I wish you good evening; I am going now!"

She, too, became a shade paler, but preserved the immovable good-humor on which she piqued herself, as she made him a polite bow, and turned round to speak to the Russian Minister, who, covered with orders, at that moment came up to offer his obeisance to the well-known Princess Vocqsal. Had he not constant advices from his intriguing Court to devote much of his spare time to this fascinating lady? And had she not once in her life baffled all the wiles of St. Petersburg, and stood untempted by its bribes? Ill-natured people affirmed that another Power paid a higher price, which accounted satisfactorily for the lady's patriotism, but the Autocrat's Minister had his secret orders notwithstanding.

And now she is deep in a lively argument, in which polished sarcasm and brilliant repartee are bandied from lip to lip, each pointed phrase eliciting a something better still from the Princess' soft mouth, till her audience—diplomats of many years' standing, warriors shrewd in council and dauntless in the field, grey ambassadors and beardless *attachés*—hang enraptured on her accents, and watch her looks with an unaccountable

fascination; whilst Victor de Rohan, hurt, moody, and discontented, stalks fiercely to the doorway and mutters to himself, "Is it for this I have given up home, friends, honor, and self-respect? To be a mere puppet in the hands of a coquette, a woman's plaything, and not even a favorite plaything after all?"

Ladies have a peculiar gift which is enjoyed by no other members of the creation whatsoever. We allude to that extraordinary property by which, without any exertion of the visual organs, they can discern clearly all that is going on above, below, around, and behind them. If a man wants to *see* a thing he requires to *look at it*. Not so with the other sex. Their subtler instinct enables them to detect that which must be made palatable to *our* grosser senses. How else could Princess Vocqsal whose back was turned to him, and who was occupied in conversation with the *élite* of Austrian diplomatic society, arrive at the certainty that Victor was not gone, as he had threatened—that he still lingered unwillingly about the doorway, and now hailed as deliverers those prosy acquaintances from whom in the early part of the evening, he had been so impatient to escape?

And yet he despised himself for his want of manhood and resolution the while; and yet he reproached himself with his slavish submission and unworthy cowardice; and yet he lingered on in hopes of one more glance from her eye, one more pressure from her soft, gloved hand. He had parted with her in anger before, and too well he knew the bitter wretchedness of the subsequent hours; he had not fortitude enough, he *dared* not face such an ordeal again.

So she knew he was not going yet: and, confident in her own powers, pleased with her position, and proud of her conquests, she sparkled on.

"That's a clever woman," said an English *attaché* to his friend, as they listened in the circle of her admirers.

And the friend, who was a little of a satirist, a little of a philosopher, a little of a poet, and yet, strange to say, a thorough man of the world, replied—

"Too clever by half, my boy, or I'm very much mistaken. Ninety-nine women out of a hundred are natural born angels, but the hundredth is a devil incarnate, and *that's* her number Charlie, you may take my word for it!"

And now a strange movement rises in that crowded assembly. A buzz of voices is heard—lower, but more marked than the ordinary hum of conversation. Something seems to have happened. A lady has fainted, or an apoplectic general been taken suddenly ill, or a candelabrum has fallen, and the magnificent hotel is even now on fire? None of these casualties, however, have occurred. Voices rise higher in question and reply, "Is it true?"—"I can't believe it!"—"They knew nothing of it to-day on the Bourse."—"Another stock-jobbing report."—"Immense loss on both sides." These are the disjointed sentences that reach the ear, mingled with such terms as the Malakhoff—the Redan—the north side—General Pellissier, &c. &c. English and French diplomatists exchange curious glances, and at length rumor takes a definite form, and it is boldly asserted that intelligence has that day arrived of the fall of Sebastopol.

Tongues are loosened now. Surmise and speculation are rife upon future events. Men speak as they wish, and notwithstanding the presence of Monsieur Stein and several other secret agents of police, many a bold opinion is hazarded as to the intentions of the Government and the issues of the great contest. Princess Vocqsal scarcely breathes while she listens. If, indeed, this should lead to peace, her large investments will realize golden profits. She feels all the palpitating excitement of the gambler, yet does the hue not deepen on her cheek, nor the lustre kindle brighter in her eye. Monsieur Stein, who alone knows her secrets, as it is his business to know the secrets of every one, feels his very soul stirred within him at such noble self-command.

For a moment he thinks that were he capable of human weaknesses he could *love* that woman: and in pure admiration, as one who would fain prove still further a beautiful piece of mechanism, he steps up to the Princess, and informs her that, "Now, indeed, doubt is at an end, for reliable intelligence has arrived that Sebastopol has fallen!"

"Sebastopol has fallen," she repeats with her silver laugh; "then the war has at last really begun!"

Her audience applaud once more. "*Ma foi, ce n'est pas mal*," says the French Minister, and Monsieur Stein is on the verge of adoration; but there is by this time a gen-

eral move towards the door: carriages are being called, and it is time to go away, the departure of the guests being somewhat accelerated by the important news which has just been made public. Victor is still lingering on the staircase. Many a bright eye looks wistfully on his handsome form, many a soft heart would willingly waken an interest in the charming young Count de Rohan, but the Hungarian has caught the malady in its deadliest form—the “love fever,” as his own poets term it, is wasting his heart to the core, and for him, alas! there is but one woman on earth, and she is coming downstairs at this moment, attended by the best-dressed and best-looking *attaché* of the French Legation.

Somewhat to this young gentleman's disgust, she sends him to look for her carriage, and taking Victor's arm, which he is too proud to offer, she bids him lead her to the cloak-room, and shawl her as he used to do with such tender care.

He relents at once. What is there in this woman that she can thus turn and twist him at her will? She likes him best thus—When he is haughty and rebellious, and she fears that at last she may have driven him too far and have lost him altogether, the uncertainty creates an interest and excitement, which is pleasure akin to pain, but it is so delightful to win him back again,—such a triumph to own him and tyrannize over him once more! It is at moments of reconciliation such as these that the Princess vindicates her woman-nature, and becomes a very woman to the heart.

“You are angry with me, Victor,” she whispers, leaning heavily on his arm, and looking downwards as she speaks; “angry with me, and without a cause. You would not listen to me an hour ago, you were so cross and impatient. Will you listen to me now?”

The tears were standing in the strong man's eyes, “Speak on,” he said; “you do with me what you like, I could listen to you forever.”

“You were irritated because I told you I was about to leave Vienna. You have avoided me the whole evening, and left me to be bored and annoyed by that wearisome tribe of diplomatists, with their flat witticisms and their eternal politics. Why did you not stay to hear me out? Victor, it is true, I go to-morrow, but I go to the Waldenberg.”

How changed his face was now; his eye sparkled and his whole countenance lightened up. He looked like a different man. He could only press the arm that clung to his own; he could not speak.

“Will you continue to *boulder* me?” proceeded the Princess in a playful, half-malicious tone; “or will you forgive me and be friends for that which is, after all, your own fault? Oh, you men! how hasty and violent you are; it is lucky *we* are so patient and so good tempered. The Waldenberg is not so very far from Edeldorf. You might ask me there for your *jour de fête*. I have not forgotten it, you see. Not a word more, Count de Rohan; I must leave you *now*. Here is my carriage. Adieu,—no, not adieu, *mon ami, au revoir!*”

Why was it such a different world to Victor from what it had been ten short minutes ago, from what it would assuredly be the next time they met, and her caprice and *coquetterie* were again exhibited to drive him wild? Was it worth all these days of uncertainty and anxious longing; all these fits of jealousy and agonies of self-reproach; to be deliriously happy every now and then for a short ten minutes? Was any woman on earth worthy of all that Victor de Rohan sacrificed for the indulgence of his guilty love? Probably not, but it would have been hard to convince him. He was not as wise as Solomon; yet Solomon, with all his wisdom, seems to have delivered himself up a willing captive to disgrace and bondage—fettered by a pair of white arms—held by a thread of silken hair. Oh, vanity of vanities! “*this* is also vanity and vexation of spirit.”

CHAPTER XLII.—“TOO LATE.”

For a wounded campaigner on crutches, or a wasted convalescent slowly recovering from an attack of Crimean fever, there are few better places for the re-establishment of health than the hotel at Therapia. It is refreshing to hear the ripple of the Bosphorus not ten feet distant from one's bed-room win-

dow; it is life itself to inhale the invigorating breeze that sweeps down, unchecked and uncontaminated, from the Black Sea; it is inspiring to gaze upon the gorgeous beauty of the Asiatic coast, another continent not a mile away. And then the smaller accessories of comfortable apartments, good dinners,

civilized luxuries, and European society, form no unwelcome contrast to the Crimean tent, the soldiers rations, and the wearisome routine of daily and hourly duty.

But a few days after the taking of Sebastopol, I was once more in Turkey. Ropsley, the man of iron nerves and strong will—the man whom danger had spared, and sickness had hitherto passed by, was struck down by fever—that wasting, paralyzing disease so common to our countrymen in an Eastern climate, and was so reduced and helpless as to be utterly incapable of moving without assistance. He had many friends, for Ropsley was popular in his regiment and respected throughout the army; but none were so thoroughly disengaged as I; it seemed as if I could now be of little use in any capacity, and to my lot it fell to place my old school-fellow on board ship, and accompany him to Therapia, *en route* for England on sick leave.

My own affairs, too, required that I should re-visit Somersetshire before long. The wreck of my father's property, well nursed and taken care of by a prudent man of business, had increased to no contemptible provision for a nameless child. If I choose to return to England, I should find myself a landed proprietor of no inconsiderable means should be enabled to assume a position such as many a man now fighting his way in the world would esteem the acme of human felicity, and for me it would be but dust and ashes! What cared I for broad acres, local influence, good investments, and county respectability—all the outward show and empty shadows for which people are so apt to sacrifice the real blessings of life? What was it to me that I might look round from my own dining-room on my own domain, with my own tenants waiting to see me in the hall? An empty heart can have no possessions; a broken spirit is but a beggar in the midst of wealth, whilst the whole universe, with all its glories, belongs alone to him who is at peace with himself. I often think how many a man there is who lives out his three-score years and ten, and never knows what *real* life is, after all. A boyhood passed in vain aspirations—a manhood spent in struggling for the impossible—an old age wasted in futile repinings, such is the use made by how many of our fellow creatures of that glorious streak of light which we call existence, that intervenes between the eternity which

hath been, and the eternity which shall be? Oh! to lie down and rest, and look back upon the day's hard labor, and feel that something has been wrought—that something has been *won*! and so to sleep—happy here—happy for evermore. Well, on some natures happiness smiles even here on earth—God forbid it should be otherwise!—and some must content themselves with duty instead. Who knows which shall have the best of it when all is over? For me, it was plain at this period that I must do my *devoir*, and leave all to Time, the great restorer in the moral, as he is the great destroyer in the physical, world. The years of excitement (none know how strong) that I had lately passed, followed by a listless, hopeless inactivity, had produced a re-action on my spirits which it was necessary to conquer and shake off. I resolved to return to England, to set my house in order—to do all the good in my power, and first of all, strenuously to commence with that which lay nearest my hand, although it was but the humble task of nursing my old schoolfellow through an attack of low fever.

My patient possessed one of those strong and yet elastic natures which even sickness seems unable thoroughly to subdue. The Ropsley on a couch of suffering and lassitude was the same Ropsley that confronted the enemy's fire so coolly in the Crimea, and sneered at the follies of his friends so sarcastically in St. James'-street. Ill as he was, and utterly prostrated in body, he was clear-headed and ready-witted as ever. With the help of a wretchedly bad grammar he was rapidly picking up Turkish, by no means an easy language for a beginner; and taking advantage of my society, was actually entering upon the rudiments of Hungarian, a tongue which it is next to impossible for any one to acquire who has not spoken it, as I had done in earliest childhood. He was good-humored and patient, too, far more than I should have expected, and was never anxious or irritable, save about his letters. I have seen him, however, turn away from a negative to the eager inquiry "any letters for me," with an expression of heart-sick longing that it pained me to witness on that usually haughty and somewhat sneering countenance.

But it came at last. Not many mornings after our arrival at Therapia there was a letter for Ropsley, which seemed to afford him

unconcealed satisfaction, and from that day the Guardsman mended rapidly, and began to talk of getting up and packing his things, and starting westward once more.

So it came to pass that, with the help of his servant, I got him out of bed and dressed him, and laid him on the sofa at the open window, where he could see the light caiques dancing gaily on the waters, and the restless sea-fowl flitting eternally to and fro, and could hear the shouts of the Turkish boatmen, adjuring each other, very unnecessarily, not to be too hasty; and the discordant cries of the Greek population scolding, and cheating, and vociferating on the quay.

We talked of Hungary. I loved to talk of it now, for was it not *her* country of whom I must think no more? And Ropsley's manner was kinder, and his voice softer, than I had ever thought it before. Poor fellow! he was weak with his illness, perhaps, but hitherto I had remarked no alteration in his cold, impassible demeanor.

At last he took my hand, and in a hollow voice he said—"Vere, you have returned me good for evil. You have behaved to me like a brother. Vere, I believe *you* really are a Christian!"

"I hope so," I replied quietly, for what had I but that?

"Yes," he resumed, "but I don't mean conventionally, because your godfathers and godmothers at your baptism *said* you were—I mean *really*. I don't believe there is a particle of *humbug* about you. Can you forgive your enemies?"

"I have already told you so," I answered; "don't you remember that night in the trenches? besides, Ropsley, I shall never consider you my enemy."

"That is exactly what cuts me to the heart," he replied, flushing up over his wan, wasted face. "I have injured you more deeply than any one on earth, and I have received nothing but kindness in return. Often and often I have longed to tell you all—how I had wronged you, and how I had repented, but my pride forbade me till to-day. It is dreadful to think that I might have died and never confessed to you how hard and how unfeeling I have been. Listen to me, and then forgive me if you can. O! Vere, Vere, had it not been for me and my selfishness, you might have married Constance Beverley!"

I felt I was trembling all over, I covered my face with my hands and turned away, but I bade him go on.

"Her father was never averse to you from the first. He liked you, Vere, personally and still more for the sake of *your* father, his old friend. There was but one objection. I need not dwell upon it; and even that he could have got over, for he was most anxious to see his daughter married, and to one with whom he could have made his own terms. He was an unscrupulous man, Sir Harry, and dreadfully pressed for money. When in that predicament people will do things that at other times they would be ashamed of, as I know too well. And the girl too, Vere, she loved you—I am sure of it—she loved you, poor girl, with all her heart and soul."

I looked him straight in the face—"Not a word of *her*, Ropsley, as you are a gentleman!" I said. O, the agony of that moment! and yet it was not all pain.

"Well," he proceeded, "Sir Harry consulted me about the match. You know how intimate we were, you know what confidence he had in my judgment. If I had been generous and honorable, if I had been such a man as *you*, Vere, how much happier we should all be now; but no, I had my own ends in view, and I determined to work out my own purpose, without looking to the right or left, without turning aside for friend or foe. Besides, I hardly knew you then, Vere. I did not appreciate your good qualities. I did not know your courage, and constancy, and patience, and kindness. I did not know yours was just the clinging, womanly nature, that would never get over the crushing of its best affections—and I know it now too well. O, Vere, you never can forgive me. And yet," he added, musingly, more to himself than to me,—“and yet, even had I known all this, had you been my own brother, I fear my nature was then so hard, so pitiless, so uncompromising, that I should have gone straight on towards my aim, and blasted your happiness without scruple or remorse. *Remorse*,” and the old look came over him, the old sneering look, that wreathed those handsome features in the wicked smile of a fallen angel—“if a man means to *repent* of what he has done, he had better not do it. My maxim has always been, ‘never look back,’—*vestigia nulla retror-*

sum,' and yet to-day I cannot help retracing, aye, and bitterly regretting, the past.

"I have told you I had my own ends in view, I wished to marry the heiress myself. Not that I loved her, Vere—do not be angry with me for the confession, I never loved her the least in the world. She was far to placid, too conventional, too like other girls, to make the slightest impression on me. My ideal of a woman is, a bold strong nature, a keen intellect, a daring mind, and a dazzling beauty that others must fall down and worship. I never was one of your sentimentalists. A violet may be a very pretty flower, and smell very sweet, but I like a camellia best, and all the better because you require a hot-house to raise it in. But, if I did not care for Miss Beverley, I cared a good deal for Beverley Manor, and I resolved that, come what might, Beverley Manor should one day be mine. The young lady I looked upon as an encumbrance that must necessarily accompany the estate. You know how intimate I became with her father, you know the trust he reposed in me, and the habit into which he fell, of doing nothing without my advice. That trust, I now acknowledge to you, I abused shamefully; of that habit I took advantage, solely to further my own ends, totally irrespective of my friend. He confided to me in very early days his intention of marrying his daughter to the son of his old friend. He talked it over with me as a scheme on which he had set his heart, and, above all, insisted on the advantage to himself of making, as he called it, his own terms with you about settlements, &c. I have already told you he was involved in difficulties, from which his daughter's marriage could alone free him, with the consent of her husband. I need not enter into particulars. I have the deeds and law-papers at my finger's end, for I like to understand a business thoroughly if I embark on it at all, but it is no question of such matters now. Well, Vere, at first I was too prudent to object overtly to the plan. Sir Harry, as you know, was an obstinate, wilful man, and such a course would have been the one of all others most calculated to wed him more firmly than ever to his original intention; but I weighed the matter carefully with him day by day, now bringing forward arguments in favor of it, now startling objections, till I had insensibly accustomed him to consider it by no means

as a settled affair. Then I tried all my powers upon the young lady, and there, I confess to you freely, Vere, I was completely foiled. She never liked me even as an acquaintance, and she took no pains to conceal her aversion. How angry she used to make me sometimes!—I hated her so, that I longed to make her mine, if it were only to humble her, as much as if I had loved her with all my heart and soul. Many a time I used to grind my teeth and mutter to myself, 'Ah! my fair enemy, I shall live to make you rue this treatment;' and I swore a great oath that, come what might, she should never belong to Vere Egerton. I even tried to create an interest in her mind for Victor de Rohan, but the girl was as true as steel. I have been accustomed to read characters all my life, women's as well as men's, it is part of my profession;" and Ropsley laughed once more his bitter laugh, "and many a trifling incident showed me that Constance Beverley cared for nobody on earth but you. This only made me more determined not to be beat; and little by little, with hints here and whispers there, assisted by your own strange, solitary habits, and the history of your poor father's life and death, I persuaded Sir Harry that there was madness in your family, and that you had inherited the curse. From the day on which he became convinced of this, I felt I had won my race. No power on earth would then have induced him to let you marry his daughter, and the excuse which he made you on that memorable afternoon, when you had so gallantly rescued her from death, was but a gentlemanlike way of getting out of his difficulty about telling you the real truth. Vere, that girl's courage is wonderful. She came down to dinner that night with the air of an Empress, but with a face like marble, and a dull stony look in her eyes that made even me almost rue what I had done. She kept her room for a fortnight afterwards, and I cannot help feeling she has never looked as bright since.

"When you went away I acknowledge I thought the field was my own. In consideration of my almost ruining myself to preserve him from shame, Sir Harry promised me his daughter if I could win her consent, and you may depend upon it I tried hard to do so. It was all in vain; the girl hated me more and more, and when we all met so unexpectedly in Vienna, I saw that my chance

of Beverley Manor was indeed a hopeless one. Sir Harry, too, was getting very infirm. Had he died before his daughter's marriage, his bills for the money I had lent him were not worth the stamps on which they were drawn. My only chance was her speedy union with some one rich enough to make the necessary sacrifices, and again I picked out Victor de Rohan as the man. We all thought then you were engaged to his sister, Valérie."

Ropsley blushed scarlet as he mentioned that name.

"And it was not my part to conceal the surmise from Miss Beverley. 'She was so glad, she was so thankful,' she said, 'she was so happy, for Vere's sake:' and a month afterwards she was Countess de Rohan, with the handsomest husband and the finest place in Hungary. It was a *mariage de convenance*, I fear, on both sides. I know now what I allow I did not dream of then, that Victor himself was the victim of an unfortunate attachment at the time, and that he married the beautiful Miss Beverley out of *pique*. Sir Harry died, as you know, within three months. I have saved myself from ruin, and I have destroyed the happiness on earth of three people that never did me the slightest harm. Vere, I do not deserve to be forgiven, I do not deserve ever to rise again from this couch; and yet there is one for whose sake I would fain get well—one whom I *must* see yet again before I die."

He burst into tears as he spoke. Good heaven! this man was mortal after all—an erring, sinful mortal, like the rest of us, with broken pride, heartfelt repentance, thrilling hopes, and agonizing fears. Another bruised reed, though he had stood so defiant and erect, confronting the whirlwind and the thunderbolt, but shivered up, and cowering at the whisper of the "still small voice." Poor fellow! poor Ropsley! I pitied him from my heart, while he hid his face in his hands, and the big tears forced themselves through his wasted fingers; freely I forgave him, and freely I told him so.

After a time he became more composed, and then, as if ashamed of his weakness, assumed once more the cold satirical manner, half-sarcasm, half-pleasantry, which has become the conventional disguise of the world in which such men as Ropsley delight to live. Little by little he confided to me the rise and

progress of his attachment to Valérie—at which I had already partly guessed—acknowledged how, for a long time, he had imagined that I was again a favored rival, destined ever to stand in his way; how my sudden departure from Vienna and her incomprehensible indifference to that hasty retreat had led him to believe that she had entertained nothing but a girl's passing inclination for her brother's comrade; and how, before he reached his regiment in the Crimea, she had promised to be his on the conclusion of the war. "I never cared for any other woman on earth," said Ropsley, once more relapsing into the broken accents of real, deep feeling. "I never reflected till I knew her what a life mine has been. God forgive me, Vere; if we had met earlier, I should have been a different man. I have received a letter from her to-day. I shall be well enough to move by the end of the week. Vere, I *must* go through Hungary, and stop at Edeldorf on my way to England!"

As I walked out to inhale the evening breeze and indulge my own thoughts in solitude by the margin of the peaceful Bosphorus, I felt almost stunned, like a man who has sustained a severe fall, or one who wakes suddenly from an astounding dream. And yet I might have guessed long ago at the purport of Ropsley's late revelations. Diffident as I was of my own merits, there had been times when my heart told me, with a voice there was no disputing, that I was beloved by Constance Beverley; and now it was with something like a feeling of relief and exhilaration that I recalled the assurance of that fact from one himself so interested and so difficult to deceive as Ropsley. "And she loved me all along," I thought, with a thrill of pleasure, sadly dashed with pain. "She was true and pure, as I always thought her; and even now, though she is wedded to another, though she never can be mine on earth, perhaps—" And here I stopped, for the cold, sickening impossibility chilled me to the marrow, and an insurmountable barrier seemed to rise up around me and hem me in on every side. It was sin to love her, it was sin to think of her now. O! misery! misery! and yet I would give my life to see her once more! So my good angel whispered in my ear, "You must never look on her again; for the rest of your time you must tread the weary path alone, and learn to be kindly, and

pure, and holy for *her* sake." And self muttered, "Where would be the harm of seeing her just once again?—of satisfying yourself with your own eyes that she is happy?—of learning at once to be indifferent to her presence? You *must* go home. Edeldorf lies in your direct road to England; you cannot abandon Ropsley in his present state, with no one to nurse and take care of him. Victor is your oldest friend, he would be hurt if you did not pay him a visit. It would be more courageous to face the Countess at once, and get it over." And I listened now to one and now to the other, and the struggle raged and tore within me the while I paced sadly up and down "by the side of the sounding sea."

"Egerton! how goes it? Let me present you to my friends," exclaimed a voice I recognized on the instant, as, with lowered head and dreamy vision, I walked right into the centre of a particularly smart party, and was "brought up," as the sailors say, "all standing," by a white silk parasol and a mass of flounces that almost took my breath away. When you most require solitude, it generally happens that you find yourself forced into society, and with all my regard for our *ci-devant* usher, I never met Manners, now a jolly Colonel of Bashi-Bazouks, with so little gratification as at this moment. I am bound to admit, however, that on his side all was cordiality and delight. Dressed out to the utmost magnificence of his gorgeous uniform, spurs clanking, and sabre-tasche jingling, his person stouter, his beard more exuberant, his face more florid and prosperous than ever, surrounded, too, by a bevy of ladies of French extraction and Pera manners, the "soldier of fortune," for such he might

fairly be called, was indeed in his glory. With many flourishes and compliments in bad French, I was presented successively to Mesdemoiselles Philippine, and Josephine, and Seraphine, all dark-eyed, black-haired, sallow-faced, but by no means bad-looking, young ladies, all apparently bent upon the capture and destruction of anything and everything that came within range of their artillery, and all apparently belonging equally to my warlike and fortunate friend. He then took me by the arm, and dropping behind the three graces aforesaid, informed me, in tones of repressed exultation, how his fortune was made at last, how he now commanded (the dearest object of his ambition) a regiment of actual cavalry, and how he was on the eve of marriage with one of the young ladies in front of us, with a dowry of a hundred thousand francs, who loved him to distraction, and was willing to accompany him to Shumla, there to take the lead in society, and help him to civilize his regiment of Bashi-Bazouks.

"I always told you I was fit for something," Egerton," said Lieutenant-Colonel Manners, with a glow of exultation on his simple face; "and I have made my own way at last, in despite of all obstacles. It's pluck, sir, that makes the man! pluck and *muscle*," doubling his arm as he spoke, in the old Everdon manner. "I have done it at last, and you'll see, my dear Egerton, I shall live to be a general."

"I hope, from my heart, you may," was my reply, as I bade him "farewell," and congratulated him on his position, his good fortune, and his bride; though I never made out exactly whether it was Mademoiselle Josephine, or Philippine, or Seraphine who was to enjoy the unspeakable felicity of becoming Mrs. Colonel Manners.

THE HYMN OF ROLAND.—Hume, in his *History of Harold*, temp. 1088, says:

"He (Duke of Normandy) ordered the signal of battle to be given; and the whole army, moving at once, and singing the hymn or song of Roland, the famous peer of Charlemagne," &c.

Where could I lay my hands on a copy of this "hymn or song"?

[Dr. Crotch printed a tune, in the 3rd edition of his *Specimen of Various Styles of Music*, volume i. p. 133., as the "CHANSON ROLAND, sung by the Normans as they advanced to the battle of Hastings," which Mr. Chappell has reproduced in the 2nd vol. (p. 7.) of his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*; to

which we beg to refer our correspondent for much curious information upon this point. The *Chanson de Roland*, edited by M. Francisque Michel, in 1837-8, from the original MS. in the Bodleian Library, is a metrical romance in praise of the hero of Boiardo Berni and Ariosto, and though it probably originated in the popular estimation in which the earlier song was held—from its length, about 4000 verses—to say nothing of its being a more recent composition, could not have been the song chanted by Taillefer. See also the *Chanson de Roland* printed in *Histoire de la Poésie Scandinave*, par M. Edélesland Du Méril. Paris, 8vo. 1859. p. 484.]—*Notes and Queries*.

From Household Words.

BROTHER MULLER AND HIS ORPHAN-WORK.

AMONG the curiosities of literature in our day is a work, of which four parts have appeared at intervals, entitled *The Lord's Dealings with George Muller*. The first edition of the first part was published twenty years ago, the fourth part appeared only last year. The tone of this very singular book is like that of the author of the *Bank of Faith*, who, when he wanted a new pair of trousers, prayed for them over night, and found them by his bedside in the morning. But Huntington prayed generally for himself, George Muller takes thought of the orphan, and has accomplished in his own way a substantial work that must secure for him the respect of all good men, whatever may be the form of their religious faith.

George Muller, believing himself to be elect, is one of those who thank the Lord that they are not as other men are; it grieves him to think that in the other world he shall be parted from his natural father and his brother, who are not among the chosen. He does not believe in any gradual amelioration of the world, but looks for the return of the Lord to reign on earth, and is not without expectation that the return may be in his own day. In holding these opinions he is perfectly sincere, and he believes, with a liveliness of faith perhaps unequalled in our time, that all things fitting for His children will be supplied by our Father in heaven in direct answer to trustful prayer. He points to the Orphan-house on Ashley Down, near Bristol, for the justification of his faith. He has now been laboring in Bristol for a quarter of a century. He has undertaken large works of benevolence. He has established that asylum for destitute orphans, which for some time maintained three hundred inmates, and to which a new wing has just been added for the reception of four hundred more. He expects to add another wing and find room for a thousand. For the prosecution of this orphan-work, as he calls it, he has received ninety thousand pounds, without once asking for a penny. When he wants money he prays for it, and in his annual reports, which are summed up in the publication we have named, shows how it comes. His reports make no appeal. The spirit and intention of them is to bear testimony to the truth of which he is

convinced, that "the Lord will provide," and so completely is this their intention that on one occasion when the annual meeting and report happened to fall due at a time when his distress for funds was very urgent, and to make the fact known would procure instant relief, that very circumstance compelled him to postpone for a few months the issue of the report. At another time of great want, shortly before the expiration of a year's housekeeping at the Orphan-house, when Brother Muller did not know at breakfast-time how he should buy the orphans' milk for tea, a rich friend asked him whether the balance in his accounts would be as good as heretofore. A sign of want would have produced a cheque immediately, but George Muller only said the balance will be as the Lord shall please. Of course by the annual publication of such facts as these an appeal is made to the religious sensibilities of thousands. If Brother Muller never told his prayers, and never worked to produce their fulfilment, could he depend on them for the production of an income? In his own housekeeping Brother Muller followed the same system. He destroyed the pews in his chapel; and because he felt that subscriptions to the salary of a minister were called for when it was not convenient to some to pay them, and were not always given cheerfully, he refused to accept any salary at all. Again, because free gifts paid to his hand might be made on some compulsion of pride, for the sake only of appearing to do right, and he could accept only what was given cheerfully, he caused a box to be set up in his chapel, and depended on the anonymous gifts dropped into it by members of his congregation. His deacons opened the box about once every five weeks. Sometimes he had no bread at home, and there was money in the chapel-box. Perhaps he might then pray that a deacon's heart should be stirred up to open it, but he gave no sign of his want to any man, and never asked that the box should be opened, never if money was owing to him asked his debtor for it. Trusting in prayer only, he never starved, and has obtained more than a hundred thousand pounds for pious uses.

So much we have said, at once to secure respect for Brother Muller, and to separate him from self-seeking men, who trade upon religion. A precarious subsistence—one obtained by living upon prayer—is a safe one in

his eyes, but it is accompanied by him with the most energetic labor to do good work in the world. It will be seen, too, as we tell the main facts of his story, that whatever error we find in his theology, his view of a Scriptural life tallies with some of the best precepts of worldly wisdom. Contention is unscriptural. Giving offence to the consciences of others is unscriptural. Debt is unscriptural. Two bills he was once obliged to give payable at a future day; but he did not give them until he had the amount of them already in his house, and what seemed to be most urgent temporary need afterwards failed to tempt him to the borrowing of a pound from that fund, for a day or two. The delay of an hour in payment of his rent lay on his conscience as debt. The tradesmen who supplied the Orphan-house, compelled him by their strong wish to accept of weekly bills for daily service, but whenever the supply of money ebbed, instead of covering his day of need by help of credit, he stopped even weekly payment, and allowed nothing whatever to be bought that was not paid for at the moment.

Now we will tell his story. He was born near Halberstadt, in Prussia, in the year 1805, so that he is now only fifty-two years old. His father, when he was five years old, removed to Heimersleben, four miles from George Muller's native town. He was then in government employment as collector of excise. Of course, we are told by Mr. Muller, bad things of his life as an unconverted boy and youth, and it does certainly appear that he was more unprincipled than boys and young men usually are. He was destined for the Church, and educated at good classical schools, acquitting himself with great credit as a scholar. In due time he became a student of the University of Halle, and as a member of that university was entitled to preach in the Lutheran establishment. Halle was at that time frequented by twelve or thirteen hundred students, of whom nine hundred studied divinity, and were allowed to preach. At Halle, when twenty years old, George Muller was taken by a fellow-student to a prayer-meeting at the house of "a believing tradesman." His conversion then began, and was assisted by the arrival at the university of Dr. Tholuck, as Professor of Divinity. George Muller's father became angry at the changed tone of his mind,

and at his desire to quit the regular Prussian Church, in which only he could minister in Prussia without danger of imprisonment. Muller supported himself then by teaching German to some American professors who had come to Halle for literary purposes, being recommended to them by Professor Tholuck. He desired to be a missionary; but, without his father's consent, could not be received in any of the German missionary institutions. Soon afterwards, at the instance of a pious schoolmaster, he began to preach in a village some six miles from Halle, using the pulpit of an aged and "unenlightened clergyman."

It was in Halle that Augustus Herman Franké had been a professor of divinity at the beginning of the eighteenth century, had done charitable deeds, had shown a very lively faith in prayer, and helped by that faith had maintained an orphan-house that grew almost to the dimensions of a street. "About the time that I first began to preach," says Mr. Muller, "I lived for about two months in free lodgings, provided for poor students of divinity in the Orphan-house, built in dependence upon God by that devoted and eminent servant of Christ, A. H. Franké, Professor of Divinity at Halle, who died 1727." The Orphan-house at Halle, prompted afterwards the founding of the Orphan-house on Ashley Down; but Franké, when he built, like most builders of hospitals, anticipated coming funds, and sent a box round for subscriptions. George Muller never spent a penny till he had it actually in his hand, and as we have said, made it a further point of conscience never, in a direct way, to ask for a subscription.

Vacations at Halle left George Muller free to visit the Moravian settlement at Gnadau, where he had communion with men who were in very many respects like-minded with himself. In Halle, too, he joined himself with sundry brothers who were of his own way of mind. When at the age of twenty-two Brother Muller heard that the Continental Society in England meant to send a minister to Bucharest, to help an aged missionary, he desired to go, and had the consent of his father. Then there appeared to him an opening for work as a missionary in the conversion of the Jews, and the result of prayer and negotiation was that, after much delay caused by the refusal of the Prussian govern-

ment to let a young man leave the country before he had paid his due in military service, Brother Muller came to London. He had been reported at Berlin unfit for military duty. The London Society for the conversion of the Jews received the German student on probation, and, good scholar as he already was, placed him for six months at their seminary, where he was excused from learning any thing but Hebrew. He had also to study English. He was encouraged at that time by hearing of a Mr. Groves, dentist, of Exeter, who had given up a practice yielding fifteen hundred pounds a-year to go to Persia as a missionary. A sister of that gentleman afterwards became Brother Muller's wife. While at the seminary Brother Muller's energy was not to be restrained. He began work among the Jews, and read the Scriptures regularly with about fifty Jewish boys.

After a serious illness Brother Muller was obliged to go into the country for recovery of his health. He went to Teignmouth, there preached at the opening of Ebenezer Chapel, and became linked in friendship with the Brother Henry Craik, who afterwards was the associate of all his labors. Doubt was arising in George Muller's mind as to the Scriptural nature of his connection with the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. In serving the society he should serve men; whereas, was he not bound to do only the bidding of the Lord? Again, he would need to be ordained, and he could not conscientiously submit to be ordained by unconverted men, professing to communicate what they have not themselves. Also, he was not satisfied with the position of a religious society so constituted that it sought for its heads, not the best men, but the most wealthy, or those highest in worldly rank. There was no instance of a poor, good man presiding over any of its meetings. After much prayer and consideration, he expressed his doubts, and his connection with the society thenceforward ceased. He was at that time preaching in Devonshire, and designing to preach as a wandering missionary in divers parts of the country; but he was eventually persuaded to accept, on condition that he was not to be held bound to the post, the fixed office of minister to Ebenezer Chapel, Teignmouth, with fifty-five pounds as subscription from his flock. Thirty pounds of

that he soon afterwards perilled by a change of view on the subject of baptism. Nearly at the same time, being twenty-five years old, he married the lady before-mentioned, and about three weeks after marriage upon conscientious scruples, gave up altogether the receipt of a fixed salary; after a few more days, he established the box in his chapel, and not long afterwards, after a much harder struggle of faith, he and his wife determined thenceforth to ask no man for help, also to lay up no treasure upon earth, but, giving all in alms, to have no care about the morrow, and trust wholly in prayer for the supply of every want. Thus, for a day of sickness, or for expected births of children, nothing ever was laid by. Excess as it came was distributed to those who needed. For some years even the rent-day at the Orphan-house was left uncared-for till it came, when means of paying the rent could be prayed for. But in one year prayer failed; the rent was not provided until three days after the time when it lawfully fell due, and that being accepted as a divine admonition to lay by every week the portion due on such account, it afterwards was cared for from week to week as conscientiously as it had formerly been left out of account.

In the year 1832, Brother Craik having already left Devonshire for Bristol, Brother Muller felt that the call on him to go also to Bristol was from Heaven. He was then travelling and preaching in various parts of Devonshire. A few days before his first journeying to Bristol he went one day to preach at Dartmouth, when, he says in his journal:—"I have five answers to prayers to-day: 1. I awoke at five, for which I had asked the Lord last night. 2. The Lord removed from my dear wife an indisposition under which she had been suffering, and it would have been trying to me to have had to leave her in that state. 3. The Lord sent us money. 4. There was a place vacant on the Dartmouth coach. 5. This evening I was assisted in preaching, and my own soul refreshed."

At Bristol, Brother Muller shortly afterwards joined Brother Craik in ministry at Gideon chapel, establishing there (and afterwards at another chapel in the town provided for them, called Bethesda), their peculiar system of dependence for the supply of

temporal wants wholly on free-will offerings. In the beginning of next year, Brother Muller was reading the life of Franké, and longing to live as he lived, that so "we might draw much more than we have as yet done out of our Heavenly Father's bank, for our poor brethren and sisters." At the close of the year he writes:—"It is just now four years since I first began to cast myself upon the Lord, trusting in him for the supply of my temporal wants. My little all I then had, at most worth one hundred pounds a-year, I gave up for the Lord, having then nothing left but five pounds. The Lord greatly honored this little sacrifice, and he gave me in return, not only as much as I had given up, but much more. For during the first year he sent me already, in one way or other (including what came to me through family connection), about one hundred and thirty pounds. During the second year, one hundred and fifty-one pounds, eighteen shillings and eight pence. During the third year, one hundred and ninety-five pounds, three shillings. During this year, two hundred and sixty-seven pounds, fifteen shillings and eightpence farthing. This income of donations from the brethren, apart from the large contributions now sustaining missionary undertakings and the Orphan-house, now exceeds six hundred pounds a-year. But from first to last, at the end of each year all is gone, excess having been always given to the poor."

It was in the year 1834, that Brother Muller founded, at Bristol, the "Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad." He thought believers bound to help in the extension of the faith, although the world was not to be converted until after the ingathering of the elect at the second coming. He could not work with any established society, because such societies bow before unconverted persons for the sake of profit from their rank or wealth, and ask money of unbelievers, as Abraham would not have done. He rejected altogether the help of unbelievers in the conduct of his institution; but if they gave him money for it freely and unasked, he was not, by Acts, twenty-eighth chapter, second to tenth verses, warranted in refusing to accept their contributions. He rejected as unscriptural the practice of contracting debts, and then asking the charitable to assist in paying them. He based all hope of success on prayer. The object of

the institution was to assist "godly" schools; to circulate the Scriptures; and to help those missionaries who worked most in what the brethren would consider a true Scriptural way. After only seven months of work, this little institution, which has now become a large one, was instructing one hundred and twenty children in the Sunday school, two hundred and nine in the day schools, and forty adults in the adult school. It had circulated about five hundred Bibles, and contributed about fifty-seven pounds to the help of missionaries. Evidently Brother Muller is an energetic man.

"September 18.—A brother, a tailor, was sent to measure me for new clothes. My clothes are again getting old, and it is therefore very kind of the Lord to provide thus. September 25.—A brother sent me a new hat to-day." A few months later, a fifth day-school was established. In March, 1830, Brother Muller went on missionary business to the Continent. "At Dover," he says, "we left the hotel before break of day, to go to the packet. All being in a great hurry, whilst we went towards the sea, I was separated from Brothers G. and Y. I now lifted up my heart to the Lord, as he generally helps me to do on such occasions, to direct my steps towards the boat which went out to meet the packet, and" (the italics are his) "*I found it almost immediately.*" We had, in answer to prayer, a good passage." On his way back, by way of Hamburg, the sea being very rough, the good brother says:—"At ten I was taken with sea-sickness, from which I had been kept, during my four previous short voyages, in answer to prayer; but this time I on purpose refrained from praying about it, as I did not know whether it was better for my health to be sea-sick or not." Defect of health caused Brother Muller to go, in the next autumn, to Portishead, walk, bathe, and take horse-exercise. But he writes:—"September 15.—To-day, as I clearly understood that the person who lets his horse has no licence, I saw that, being bound as a believer to act according to the laws of the country, I could use it no longer; and as horse-exercise seems most important, humanly speaking, for my restoration, and as this is the only horse which is to be had in the place, we came to the conclusion to leave Portishead to-morrow."

And now we come to the main fact: C

day in November, 1835, George Muller writes:—"This evening I took tea at a sister's house, where I found Franké's life. I have frequently, for this long time, thought of laboring in a similar way, though it might be on a much smaller scale; not to imitate Franké, but in reliance on the Lord." In five days he has made up his mind to begin. He is thirty years old. Humanly speaking, there is life before him for the work. He says:—"The three chief reasons for establishing an Orphan-house are: 1. That God may be glorified, should He be pleased to furnish me with the means, on its being seen that it is not a vain thing to trust in Him, and that thus the faith of His children may be strengthened. 2. The spiritual welfare of fatherless and motherless children. 3. The temporal welfare." He prays; he calls a public meeting at which he will state his plan, and says on the 5th of December, 1835,—"This evening I was struck in reading the Scriptures with these words: 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.' Up to this day I had not at all prayed concerning the means or individuals needed for the Orphan-house. I was led to apply these words, to the Orphan-house, and asked the Lord for premises, a thousand pounds, and suitable individuals to take care of the children." At the public meeting there was no collection—no money asked for, and after the meeting only ten shillings were given; but gifts soon flowed in. The design was to receive only such children as were fatherless, motherless, and wholly destitute; to feed them, clothe them, teach them, and to put them out where they could earn an honest living in the world. There should be no voting or canvassing for admissions—no restriction of the charity to children of one corner of the country. Orphan-age and destitution were to form the simple claims which had only to be stated to procure admission for a child as long as there was house-room left to give. Any donation for this object was received,—odd shillings, pence, basons, mugs, for knives and five forks, a blanket, fifty pounds, twenty-nine yards of print, one plate, six teaspoons, one skimmer, one toasting-fork, one pillow-case, one sovereign, fifty-five yards of sheeting, a clothes-horse, two pewter salt-cellar, three frocks, four pinafores, six handkerchiefs, from one friend a flat-iron stand and from another friend a flat-iron, six pots of blacking-paste,

four combs, a hundred pounds, a piece of blind-line and one dozen of blind-tassels, a ton of coals, premises worth two or three thousand pounds as a gift conditional on five hundred pounds being raised to adapt them for the orphans' use, six little shirts, a hundred weight of treacle, two metal spoons, a kitchen-fender and a pie-dish, fifty-five thimbles and five parcels of hooks and eyes; such were the gifts that flowed in upon Brother Muller. He took charge of them all for his orphans. Before the conditions which would make a gift of the large premises had been fulfilled, the good brother rented the house which he had himself been occupying in Wilson Street, for the use of the orphans, fitted it for thirty little orphan girls, between the ages of seven and eleven, and opened it on the 21st of April, 1836. It began work with six-and-twenty little girls, a matron, and a governess. At the same time, Brother Muller's heart was set upon the opening of a like home for little orphan boys; but, first of all, he would set to work upon an Infant Orphan-house for desolate poor children of each sex from the tenderest age up to the seventh year. Aided by gifts, little and large—fourpence, a gallon of dry peas, tuppets, old clothes, bits of bacon, sugar, money,—the work went on, and before the end of the following November, more than seven hundred pounds had been raised without one contribution having been asked for, in a direct way, by Muller himself, and the Infant Orphan-house was opened. At the end of the year sixty-six orphans were in Brother Muller's keeping, and seven hundred and seventy pounds had been the income of the Orphan-houses. Brother Muller was at work, then, for the establishment of the third Orphan-house, that for the boys.

At the end of the year following he has established it, and writes, "there are now eighty-one children in the three Orphan-houses, and nine brethren and sisters who have the care of them. Ninety, therefore, daily sit down to table. Lord, look on the necessities of thy servant!" At the same time there are the day and Sunday schools, with more than three hundred children in attendance upon each. The establishment increases, but the pressure on each day for money to buy bread is, now and then, intense. The children never miss their usual supply, though sometimes, even at dinner-time, there

is no money to pay the milkman in the afternoon, and without money no milk would be taken; yet the money comes. When things are at the worst, one of the teachers has some shillings in reserve, and gives them. At one such time every brother or sister engaged in the Orphan-houses, had given up all to supply the daily wants before there came another offering to help them, from without. Under pressure of this kind Brother Muller writes in September, 1838:—"I have about two hundred and twenty pounds in the bank, which, for other purposes in the Lord's work, has been intrusted to me by a brother and a sister. I might take of this money, and say but to the sister, and write but to the brother, that I have taken, in these my straits, twenty, fifty, or a hundred pounds for the orphans, and they would be quite satisfied (for both of them have liberally given for the orphans, and the brother has more than once told me, only to let him know when I wanted money); but that would be a deliverance of my own, not God's deliverance."

In 1841, the consciences of Brother Craik and Muller found that there was spiritual assumption in the box inscribed with their names put up for free-will offerings in the chapel. Other brethren were not less able to teach from their experiences, why should they stand apart from the rest, as if they were the only pastors? Their names were expunged, therefore, and they assigned to the poor all money found in the box that was not screwed up in paper as especially placed in it for themselves. In their own houses, as in the Orphan-house, there was the same system of living, and the same occasional necessity of selling books or furniture to obtain food. Nevertheless, all prospered. In December, 1850, the expenses of Brother Muller's institution were at the rate of six thousand a-year, and they were met. The new Orphan-house on Ashley Down had gathered under its roof three hundred or-

phans,—three hundred and thirty-five inmates. There were two hundred and thirty applicants for admission. Brother Muller had felt the extent of the desolation he is working to relieve. He was encouraged by the blessing on his orphan work, and so we find him writing: "It has passed through my mind to build another Orphan-house, large enough for seven hundred orphans, so that I might be able to care for one thousand altogether."

For a time he does not speak to any human being—not even to his wife about this matter; but he prays that he may act not as one led away by ambition to do good, that he may avoid mistake and delusion. His mind being made up, he states his plan, and waits on Heaven for a building fund. He will not begin to build till he has counted the cost and laid by the requisite provision; now it is thirty-five thousand pounds that he requires. In large and small sums money flows in, and he looks upon it as some trial of faith that, at the end of two years, he has received towards his new object donations only to the amount of twelve or thirteen thousand. This fund increasing, it at last is found prudent to begin the work by adding to the original house for the three hundred orphans a wing that will accommodate four hundred, leaving the other wing for three hundred to be afterwards supplied. The building therefore was commenced, and will be opened, we believe, before the expiration of the present year. More than twelve months ago, at the close of the volume from which we have drawn these very curious facts, George Muller wrote as follows:—"Without any one having been personally applied to for any thing by me, the sum of eighty-four thousand four hundred and forty-one pounds six shillings and three-pence farthing has been given to me for the orphans." Probably, by Christmas next, the sum will have amounted to about a hundred thousand pounds!

FUMADOES.—Properly speaking, I believe *fumadoes* are smoked pilchards. A large number of these fish are smoked expressly for exportation to Roman Catholic countries, and Spain in particular, and a great trade is carried on in Cornwall with them. The name *fumadoe* has been vulgarized into "fairmaid," which is now the general term used. This is a curious

and interesting case of etymology.—*Notes and Queries.*

BUCELLAS WINE.—A Reader will feel obliged if any one will inform him whence this wine derives its name?

[Bucellas is the name of a vineyard in the neighborhood of Lisbon.]—*Notes and Queries.*